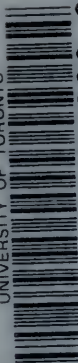


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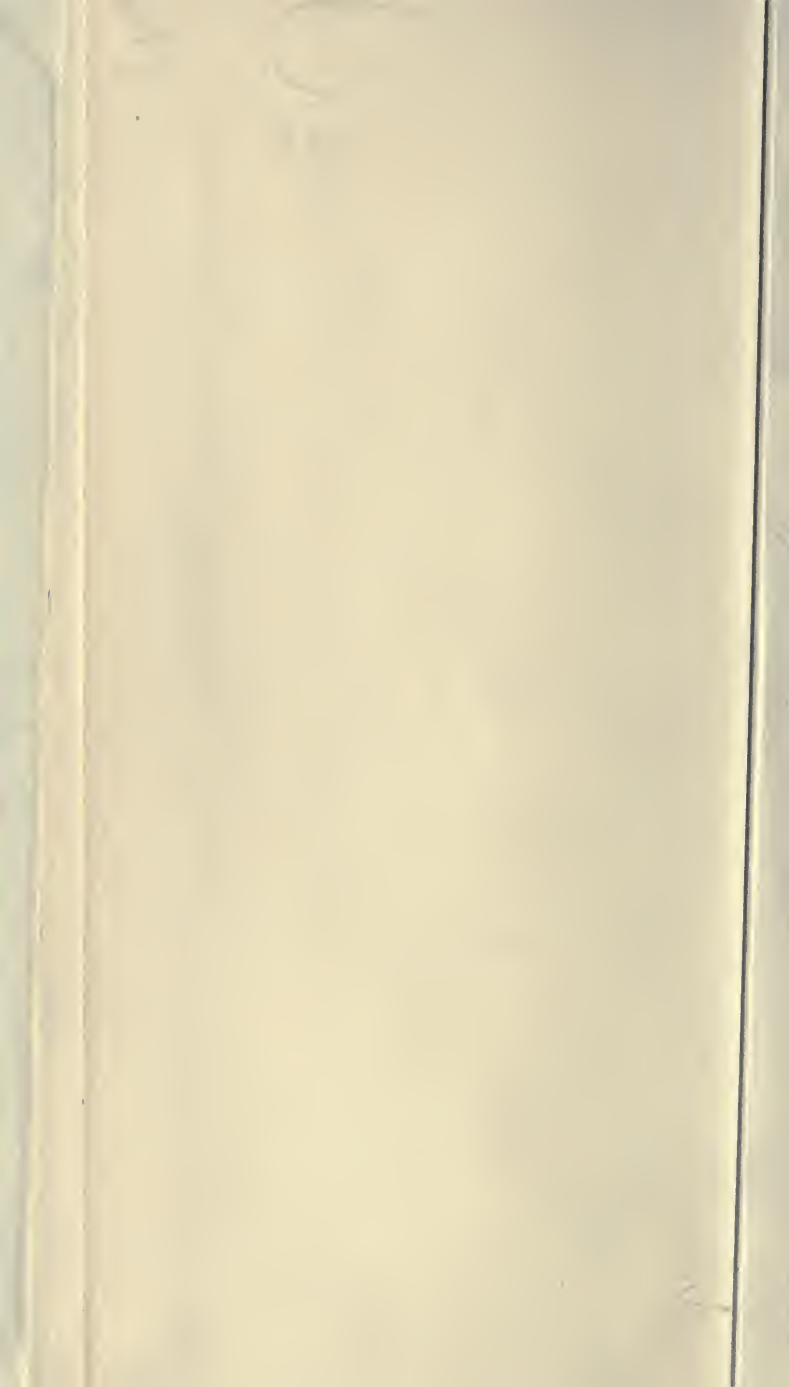
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THE

CHRISTIAN HERO:

AN

ARGUMENT

Proving that No

PRINCIPLES

BUT THOSE OF

RELIGION

Are Sufficient to make a

GREAT MAN.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

—Fragili quærens illidere dentem
Offendet solido—

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand,

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1766

To the Right Honourable the

L O R D C U T T S,

Colonel of His M A J E S T Y's Cold-Stream
Regiment of Guards, &c.

M Y L O R D,

T H E Address of the following Papers is so very much due to your Lordship, that they are but a mere Report of what has past upon my Guard to my Commander, for they were writ upon Duty, when the Mind was perfectly disengag'd and at leisure in the silent Watch

DEDICATION.

of the Night, to run over the busy Dream of the Day; and the Vigilance which obliges us to suppose an Enemy always near us, has awaken'd a Sense that there is a restless and subtle one which constantly attends our Steps, and meditates our Ruin.

Thoughts of this Nature, a Man may with freedom acknowledge to Your Lordship, who have ever been so far from running into the fashionable Vice of exploding Religion, that your early Valour first appear'd against the profess'd Enemies of Christianity; and *Buda* had transmitted you to late Posterity, but that you yourself have obliterated your Part in that glorious
Scene

DEDICATION.

Scene by the fresher Memory of
you, at *Limerick* and *Namure*.

With one honest Purpose of
Life, and constant Service of one
Interest, and one Cause, in what
Country have you not fought?
In what Field have you not bled?
But I know I here offend you,
nor will you allow Warmth in
Commendation to be like a
Friend; but if, my Lord, to
speak you Generous, Honest and
Brave be not so, I do assure you
'tis the only thing I'll ever do in
common with your Enemies.

I said your Enemies; but if
there are any who have Igno-
rance or Malice enough to be
such, their little Hates must be
lost in the Distinction the better.

DEDICATION.

World allow you; and that County (whose Discerning is refin'd by a learned and elegant University) has done you so great an Honour, in making you unanimously their Representative in Parliament, that they who would oppose your Reputation, do but confess they are unacquainted with what passes in the World, and Strangers to the Residence of Knowledge and Virtue.

'Twas there you receiv'd those Rudiments of Honour, which have render'd your Life conspicuous enough to make you appear a worthy Descendant of an ancient and distinguish'd Family, which has served the Crown in the most eminent Stations, and
been

DEDICATION.

been equally Favourites of their Country; 'twas there you Receiv'd those Impressions which inspire that true Use of your Being, which so justly divides your Time, between Labour and Diversion, that the one does but recreate for the other, and which give a generous Contempt of both, when they come in Competition with the Service of that Country which you Love, and that God whom you Worship.

Go on, my Lord, thus to contemn, and thus to enjoy Life; and if some great *English* Day does not call for that Sacrifice, which you are always ready to offer, may you in a mature Age go to sleep with your Ancestors,

DEDICATION.

cestors, in expectation not of an imaginary Fame, but a real Immortality.

As for the Present I now make you, if you'll accept it with your usual Goodness and Affection to me, I shall entertain no further Hopes; for as your Favour is my Fortune, so your Approbation is my Fame.

I am, my LORD,

Your Lordship's

Tower Guard,
March 23, 1701.

most obedient, most faithful,

and most humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.



P R E F A C E.

THE World is divided between two Sorts of People, the Men of Wit, and the Men of Business, and these have it wholly in their Power; but however Mighty the latter may esteem themselves, they have much the less Share in the Government of Mankind, and 'till they can keep the others out of Company as well as Employment, they will have an almost irresistible Dominion over us: For their Imagination is so very quick and lively, that in all they enjoy or possess, they have a Relish highly superior to that of slower Men; which fine Sense of things they can communicate to others in so prevailing a manner, that they give and take away what Impressions they please;

P R E F A C E.

please ; for while the Man of Wit speaks, he bestows upon his Hearers, by an apt Representation of his Thoughts, all the Happiness and Pleasure of being such as he is, and quickens our heavier Life into Joys we should never of ourselves have tasted, so that we are for our own Sakes his Slaves and Followers: But indeed they generally use this charming Force with the utmost Tyranny, and, as 'tis too much in their Power, misplace our Love, our Hatred, our Desires and Aversions, on improper Objects ; so that when we are left to ourselves, we find Truth discoloured to us, and they of Faculties above us have wrapt things, in their own Nature of a dark and horrid Aspect, in so bright a Disguise, that they have stamped a kind of Praise and Gallantry on some Vices, and half persuaded us that a Whore may be still a Beauty, and an Adulterer no Villain.

These Ills are supported by the arbitrary Sway of Legislative Ridicule, while by, I know not what Pedantry of good Breeding, Conversation is confined to indifferent, low, or perhaps vitious Subjects ; and all that is Serious, Good, or Great, almost banished the World : For
in

P R E F A C E.

in Imitation of those we have mentioned, there daily arise so many Pretenders to do Mischief, that what seem'd at first but a Conspiracy, is now a general Insurrection against Virtue; and when they who really have Wit lead the way, it is hardly to be prevented, but that they must be followed by a Crowd who would be such, and make what shift they can to appear so, by helping one Defect with another, and supplying want of Wit with want of Grace, and want of Reputation with want of Shame.

Thus are Men hurried away in the Prosecution of mean and sensual Desires, and instead of employing their Passions in the Service of Life, they spend their Life in the Service of their Passions; yet tho' 'tis a Truth very little received, that Virtue is its own Reward, 'tis surely an undeniable one, that Vice is its own Punishment; for when we have given our Appetites a loose Rein, we are immediately precipitated by 'em into unbounded and endless Wishes, while we repine at our Fortune, if its Narrowness curbs 'em, tho' the Gratification of 'em were a kindness, like the Indulgence of a Man's Thirst in a Dropsy; but this
Dis-

P R E F A C E.

Distemper of Mind is never to be remedied, 'till Men will more unreservedly attempt the Work, and will resolve to value themselves rather upon a strong Reason to allay their Passions, than a fine Imagination to raise them.

For if we best judge of things when we are not actually engaged or concern'd in them, every Man's own Experience must inform him, that both the Pleasures we follow, and the Sorrows we shun, are in Nature very different from what we conceive 'em, when we observe that past Enjoyments are anxious, past Sufferings pleasing in the Reflection : And since the Memory of the one makes us apprehend our strength, the other our Weakness, it is an Argument of a trivial Mind to prefer the Satisfaction that lead us to Inquietude, before Pains that lead to Tranquility.

But if that consists (as it certainly does) in the Mind's Enjoyment of Truth, the most vexatious Circumstance of its Anguish, is that of being in Doubt ; from which Men will find but a very short Relief, if they draw it from the Collections or Observations of sedentary Men, who have been call'd Wise for
pro-

P R E F A C E.

proposing Rules of active Life, which they cannot be supposed to understand: For between the arrogant and fanatic Indolence of some, and the false and pleasurable Felicity of others (which are equally Chimæras) a Man is so utterly divided, that the Happiness of Philosophers appears as fantastic as the Misery of Lovers.

We shall not, 'tis hoped, be understood by saying this, to imagine that there is a sufficient Force in the short following Essay, to stem the universal and destructive Torrent of Error and Pleasure; it is sufficient if we can stand without being carried away with it, and we shall very willingly resign the Glory of an Opposition, if we can enjoy the Safety of a Defence: and as it was at first attempted to disengage my own Mind from deceiving Appearances, so it can be publish'd for no other End, but to set others a thinking with the same Inclination: Which whoever will please to do, will make a much better Argument for his own private Use, than any body else can for him: For ill Habits of the Mind, no more than those of the Body, are to be cured by the Patient's

P R E F A C E.

Patient's Approbation of the Medicine, except he'll resolve to take it; and if my Fellow-Soldiers (to whose Service more especially I would direct any Thoughts I were capable of) would form to themselves, (if any do not) a constant Reason of their Actions, they would find themselves better prepared for all the Vicissitudes they are to meet with, when instead of the changeable Heat of mere Courage and Blood, they acted upon the firm Motives of Duty, Valour, and Constancy of Soul.

For (however they are disesteemed by some unthinking, not to say, ungrateful Men) to profess Arms, is to profess being ready to die for others; nor is it an ordinary Struggle between Reason, Sense, and Passion, that can raise Men to a calm and ready Negligence of Life, and animate 'em to assault without Fear, pursue without Cruelty, and stab without Hatred.

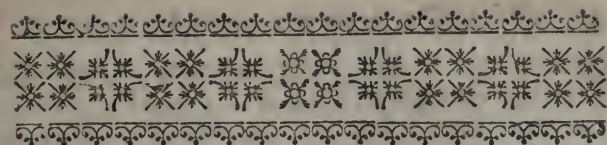
But virtuous Principles must infallibly be not only better than any other we can embrace, to warm us to great Attempts, but also to make our Days in their ordinary Passage slide away agreeably: For as nothing is more daring than Truth,
so

P R E F A C E.

so there is nothing more chearful than Innocence; and indeed I need not have been beholden to the Experience of a various Life to have been convinced, that true Happiness it not to be found but where I at present place it; for I was long ago inform'd where only it was to be had, by the Reverend Dr. *Ellis*, my ever-honour'd Tutor; which great Obligation I could not but mention, tho' my Gratitude to him is perhaps an Accusation of myself, who shall appear to have so little profited by the Institution of so solid and excellent a Writer, though he is above the Temptation of (what is always in his Power) being famous.



T H E



THE
CHRISTIAN HERO:
OR,
No PRINCIPLES but those of
RELIGION
SUFFICIENT
To make a Great Man.

IT is certainly the most useful Task we can possibly undertake, to rescue our Minds from the Prejudice with which a false and unreasonable Fondness of ourselves has enslaved us. But the Examination of our own Bosoms is so ungrateful an Exercise, that we are forced upon a thousand little Arts, to lull our selves into an imperfect Tranquillity, which we might
B obtain

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obtain sincere and uninterrupted, if we had Courage enough to look at the ghastly Part of our Condition: But we are still Flatterers to our selves, and Hypocrites the wrong way, by chusing, instead of the solid Satisfaction of Innocence and Truth, the returning Pangs of Conscience, and working out our Damnation, as we are taught to do our Happiness, *with Fear and Trembling.*

But this Misfortune we owe, as we do most others, to an unjust Education, by which we are inspir'd with an Ambition of acquiring such Modes and Accomplishments, as rather enable us to give Pleasure and Entertainment to others, than Satisfaction and Quiet to our selves: So phantastical are we as to dress for a Ball when we are to set out on a Journey, and upon change of Weather, are justly derided, not pitied, by the Beholders. How then shall we prepare for the unaccountable Road of Life, when we know not how long or how short it will prove, or what Accidents we shall meet in our passage? Can we take any thing with us that can make us chearful, ready, and prepar'd for all occasions, and can support us against all Encounters? Yes, we may (if we would receive it) a Confidence in God. Yet, lest this be impos'd upon Men by a blind force of Custom, or the Artifice of such Persons whose Interest perhaps it may be to obtrude upon our Mirth, and our Gaiety, and give us a melancholy Prospect (as some Men would persuade us) to maintain themselves in the Luxury they deny us; let us not be frighted from the liberal use of our Senses, or meanly resign our present
Opinions,

Opinions, 'till we are convinc'd from our own Reflection also, that there is something in that Opinion which can make us less insolent in Joy, less depress'd in Adversity, than the Methods we are already engag'd in. And indeed the chief Cause of Irresolution in either State, must proceed from the want of an adequate Motive to our Actions, that can render Men Dauntless and Invincible both to Pleasure and Pain.

It were not then, methinks, an useless Enquiry to search into the Reason that we are so willing to arm ourselves against the Assaults of Delight and Sorrow, rather with the Dictates of Morality than those of Religion; and how it has obtain'd, that when we say a thing was done like an old *Roman*, we have a generous and sublime Idea, that warms and kindles in us, together with a certain Self-disdain, a desire of Imitation; when, on the other side, to say, 'twas like a Primitive Christian, chills Ambition, and seldom rises to more than the cold Approbation of a Duty that perhaps a Man wishes he were not oblig'd to. Or, in a word, why is it that the Heathen struts, and the Christian sneaks in our Imagination? If it be as *Machiavil* says, that Religion throws our Minds below noble and hazardous Pursuits, then its Followers are Slaves and Cowards; but if it gives a more hardy and aspiring Genius than the World before knew, then He, and All our fine Observers, who have been pleas'd to give us only Heathen Portraitures, to say no worse, have robb'd their Pens of Characters the most truly Gallant and Heroick that ever appear'd to Mankind.

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About the time the World receiv'd the best News it ever heard, the Men whose Actions and Fortunes are most pompously array'd in Story, had just acted or were then performing their Parts, as if it had been the Design of Providence to prepossess at that time, after a more singular manner than ordinary, the Minds of Men, with the Trappings and Furniture of Glory and Riches, to heighten the Virtue and Magnanimity of those who were to oppose 'em all, by passing through Wants, Miseries and Disgraces; and indeed the shining Actions of these illustrious Men do yet glare so much in our Faces, that we lose our Way by following a false Fire, which well consider'd is but a delusive Vapour of the Earth, when we might enjoy the leading constant Light of Heaven.

To make therefore a just Judgment in our Conduct, let us consider two or three of the most eminent Heathen, and observe whether they or we, are better appointed for the hard and weary March of human Life; for which Examination we will not look into the Closets of Men of Reflection and Retirement, but into the Practice and Resolution of those of Action and Enterprize. There were never Persons more conspicuously of this latter sort, than those concern'd in the Fortunes and Death of *Cæsar*; and since the Pulse of Man then beat at the highest, we will think it sufficient to our Purpose carefully to review Him, and Them, as they march by us, and if we can see any apparent Defect in their Armour, find out some way to mend it in our own. But it will require all our Patience, by taking notice of the
minuteſt

minuteſt Things, to come at (what is abſolutely neceſſary to us) the Recesses of their Hearts, and Folds of their Tempers.

Salluſt has transmitted to us two very great, but very different Personages, *Cæſar* and *Cato*, and placed them together in the most judicious Manner for appearing to advantage, by the alternate Light and Shade of each other: *Cæſar's* Bounty, Magnificence, Popular and Sumptuous Entertainments stole an universal Affection; *Cato's* Parsimony, Integrity, Austere and Rigid Behaviour commanded as universal Reverence: None could do an ungentile thing before *Cæſar*, none a loose one before *Cato*: To one 'twas Recommendation enough to be Miserable, to the other to be Good: To *Cæſar* all Faults, were pardonable, to *Cato* none: One gave, oblig'd, pity'd and succour'd indifferently; t'other blam'd, oppos'd, and condemn'd impartially: *Cæſar* was the Refuge of the Unhappy, *Cato* the Bane of the Wicked: *Cato* had rather be, than seem Good; *Cæſar* was careless of either, but as it serv'd his Interests: *Cato's* Sword was the Sword of Justice, *Cæſar's* that of Ambition: *Cæſar* had an excellent common Sense and right Judgment of Occasion, Time and Place; the other blunt Man understood not Application, knew how to be in the Right; but was generally so, out of Season: *Cæſar's* Manner made even his Vice charming, *Cato's* even his Virtue disagreeable: *Cæſar* insinuated Ill, *Cato* intruded Good: *Cæſar* in his Sayings, his Actions and his Writings was the first and happiest of all Men: In his Discourse he had a constant Wit and right Reason; in his Actions,

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Gallantry and Success; in his Writings, every thing that any Author can pretend to, and one which perhaps no Man else ever had, he mentions himself with a good Grace. Thus it was very natural for *Cæsar*, adorned with every Art, Master of every necessary Quality, either for Use or Ornament, with a steady and well-plac'd Industry to out-run *Cato*, and all like him, who had none and desir'd none, but (an ever weak Party) the Good for his Friends.

Now this sort of Men were *Cæsar* and *Cato*, and by these Arts they arriv'd at that height, which has left one's Name proverbial for a Noble and Princely Nature, t'other's for an Unmov'd and Inexorable Honesty: Yet, without following them thro' all the handsome Incidents and Passages of Life, we may know 'em well enough in Miniature, by beholding 'em only in their manner of Dying: For in those last Minutes, the Soul and Body both collect all their Force, either bravely to oppose the Enemy, or gracefully receive the *Conqueror*, Death.

Cæsar, by a long Tract of Successes, was now become apparent Master of his Country, but with a Security that's natural to gallant Men, Heroically forgave the most inveterate of his Opposers: Now was he follow'd with Applause, Renown, and Acclamation: His Valour had subdued the Bodies, his Clemency the Minds of his Enemies: And how bless'd must the Earth be under his Command, who seems to court Dominion for no other end, but to indulge an insatiable Mind in the glorious Pleasures of bestowing and forgiving? This was the Figure *Cæsar* bore in the World's Opinion,

nion, but not in *Cato's*. He was there a Tyrant in spite of the Gloss of Success and of Fortune, which could not create Appearances bright enough to dazzle his Eyes from seeing the Traitor in the Conqueror: He knew, to give a Man his own as a Bounty was but a more impudent Robbery, and a Wrong improv'd by the Slavery of an Obligation: He justly and generously disdain'd that his Fellow-Citizen shou'd pretend to be his Lord; to his honest Mind a Pardon was but a more arrogant Insult, nor could he bear the Apprehension of seeing his Equal inflict upon him a *tyrannical Forgiveness*: What then must this unhappy good Man do? Whither shall oppress'd Virtue fly from Slavery? From *Slavery*? No. He is still Free, Lord of Himself, and Master of his Passions; *Cæsar* is the Captive, he is Shackl'd, he is Chain'd, and the numerous Troops which he boasts the Companions of his Triumphs, and his Glories, are but so many Witnesses of his Shame and Confusion, to whom he has by an open Usurpation manifested his broken Faith, false Profession, and prostituted Honour. But how far this Impression of intrinsick Glory and Happiness in sincere, tho' distress'd Virtue, and the sense of a wicked Man's abject, tho' prosperous Condition (which *Cato's* Philosophy gave him) did avail in his afflicted Hours; the Resolution he is going to take will demonstrate.

He had now at *Utica* fresh and shocking Intelligence of the gathering Adherents to his Enemy, and could read, in his own Company, the mere Followers of Fortune in their Countenance, but observ'd it with a negligent and un-

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daunted Air, concern'd only for the Fate of others, whose weak Pity of themselves made 'em the Objects of his Compassion also. It was visible by a thousand little officious things he did, he was resolv'd to leave this bad World: For he spent the Day, which he design'd should be his last, in a certain Vanity of Goodness: He Consulted, Persuaded, and Dispatch'd all he thought necessary for the Safety of those that were about him; which Services they receiv'd from him, whose Intent they saw, with Tears, and Shame, and Admiration.

He continued the whole Evening this affected Enjoyment of his Friends Anxiety for him, which he rais'd by set Discourses, and abated, or rather confirm'd, by a studied Indifference, 'till he went to Bed, where he read *Plato's* Immortality, and Guesses at a future Life: At last he enquir'd for his Sword, on purpose mislaid by his Son; they did not immediately bring it, which he seem'd to take no notice of, but again fell to his Book: After his second Lecture, he again wanted his Sword: Their Hesitation in letting him have it, threw him into an unseemly Rage, and Expostulation with his Friends, whose obliging Sorrow with-held it: What has he done, what has he committed, to be betray'd into the Hands of his Enemy? Had *Cato's* Wisdom so far left him, that he must be disarm'd, like a Slave and a Madman? What had his Son seen so indiscreet in his Father, that he was not to be trusted with himself? To all this cruel and intemperate Question, he was answer'd with the humblest Behaviour, tenderest Beseeching, and deepest Esteem; They implor'd

plor'd his Stay amongst 'em as their Genius, their Guardian, and Benefactor; Among the rest, a fond Slave was putting in his Resistance, and his Affliction, for which he dash'd the poor Fellow's Teeth out with his Fist, and forc'd out of the Room his lamenting Friends, with Noise, and Taunt, and Tumult; a little while after had his Hand with which he struck his Servant dress'd, lay down, and was heard to Snore; but sure we may charitably enough believe, from all this unquiet Carriage, that the Sleep was dissembled, from which as soon as he awak'd, he stabb'd himself, and fell on the Floor; His Fall alarm'd his wretched Dependants, whose help he resisted by tearing open his own Bowels, and rushing out of Life with Fury, Rage, and Indignation.

This was the applauded Exit of that Noble *Roman*, who is said with a superior and invincible Constancy to have eluded the partiality of Fortune, and escap'd the Incursion upon the Liberty of his Country: It seems then, had he liv'd, his own had been lost, and his calling himself still Free, and *Cæsar* the Usurper, a Bond-man and Slave, were but mere Words; for his Opinion of Things was in reality Stunn'd by Success, and he dy'd disappointed of the Imaginary Self-Existence his own Set of Thoughts had promis'd him, by an action below the Precepts of his Philosophy, and the Constancy of his Life.

Thus did *Cato* leave the World, for which indeed he was very unfit, in the Hands of the most Skilful Man in it, who at his Entrance on its Empire, excell'd his past Glorious Life

by using with so much Temper and Moderation what he had purchas'd with so much Bloodshed and Violence : But we must leave, at present, this busy and *Incessant* Mind to the Meditation of Levelling inaccessible Mountains, Checking the Course of the Ocean, and correcting the Periods of Time : We must leave him employ'd in Modelling the Universe (now his own) in the secure enjoyment of a Life hitherto led in Illustrious Hazards, and now every way safe, but where 'tis its Beauty to lye open, to the Treachery of his Friends.

Among the many Pretenders to that Character was *Cassius*, an able and experienc'd Soldier, bound to him by no less an Obligation, than the giving him Life and Quarter in Battle ; He was of a Dark, Sullen and *Involv'd* Spirit, quick to receive, but slow to discover a Distaste ; His Anger never flew into his Face, but descended to his Heart, which rankled and preyed upon itself, and could not admit of Composure, either from Religion or Philosophy ; but being a perfect *Epicurean*, and fancying there were none, or if any, only Lazy and Supine Deities, must necessarily Terminate his Hopes and Fears in himself, and from his own Arm expect all the Good and Evil of which his Life was capable. This Man, in his Temper uneasy, and piqu'd by a certain Partiality of *Cæsar's* to his Disadvantage, could not satisfy a Sedate Bloody Humour by any less Reparation than his Ruin ; and having a revengeful Bias of Mind, a short Memory of Kindnesses, and an indelible Resentment of Wrongs, resolv'd to cancel an odious Benefit, by a pleas-

sing Injury: To this Determination he was prompted by the worst *only Good* Quality a Man can have, an undaunted Courage, which fermented in Him a restless and *Gnawing* Meditation of his *Enemy's, that is, his Benefactor's Death*; A Thought befitting the Greatness of his Ambition, and the Largeness of his pernicious Capacity; His Capacity, which consisted in a skilful Dissimulation of his Faults; for being full of those Vices which nearly approach, and easily assume the Resemblance of Virtue, and seldom throw a Man into visible and obvious Follies, he so well accommodated his ill Qualities to the good ones of those with whom he convers'd, that he was very well with the best Men by a Similitude of their Manners; His Avarice obtain'd the Frugal; his Spleen, and Disrelish of Joy, the Sober and Abstemious; His Envy, and Hatred of Superiors, the Asserters of Publick Liberty: This considerable Wretch skilfully warm'd and urg'd some of his own Temper, whom he knew ready for any great Mischiefs, to pull down the Over-grown *Cæsar*, and ensnar'd others by the specious Pretence of a sincere Love to his Country, to meet all Hazards for her Recovery; These illustrious Russians, who were indeed Men of the most Weight, and the boldest Spirits of the *Roman* Empire, design'd to dispatch him in the Eye of all the World, in open Senate; but neither their Quality or Accomplishments were great enough to support 'em in so Nefarious an Attempt, without there could be an Expedient thought of, to give it a more sacred Esteem, than any of their Characters could inspire:

'Twas

'Twas therefore necessary to make *Marcus Brutus* of the Conspiracy.

This Gentleman possess'd the very Bosom of *Cæsar*, who having had a Notorious Intrigue with his Mother, was believ'd to have thought him his Son; but whether that, or an Admiration of his Virtue, was the Cause of his Fondness, he had so tender a Regard for him, that at the Battle of *Pharsalia* he gave it in Orders to the whole Army, if he would not take Quarter to let him escape: He was, like *Cæsar*, addicted to Letters and Arms, and tho' not equal to him in his *Capacity for either*, above him in the Use of both. He never drew his Sword but with a Design to serve his Country, nor ever Read with any other Purpose but to subdue his Passions, so that he had from Books rather an Habit of Life than a Faculty of Speech: In his Thoughts as well as his Actions he was a strict Follower of Honesty and Justice; all he said, as well as all he did, seem'd to flow from a publick and unbiass'd Spirit: He had no Occasion for the Powers of Eloquence to be able to persuade, for all Men knew 'twas their Interest to be of his Mind; and he had before he spoke that first Point, the Good-will of his Audience for every Man's Love of himself made him a Lover of *Brutus*. He had this Eminence without the least Taint of Vanity, and a great Fame seem'd not so much the Pursuit, as the Consequence of his Actions; Thus should he do a Thing which might be liable to Exception, Men would be more apt to suspect their own Judgment than his Integrity, and believe whatever was the Cause of the Action, it must be a
good

good one, since it mov'd him : And tho' a perfect Love of Mankind was the Spring of all he acted, that Human Temper never threw him into Facility, but since he knew an ungrounded Compassion to one Man might be a Cruelty to another, mere Distresses without Justice to plead for 'em could never prevail upon him, but, all Gentle as he was, he was impregnable to the most repeated Importunity, even that of his own Good-nature.

Such was the Renown'd *Brutus*, and one would think a Man who had no ill Ambition to satisfy, no loose Passions to indulge, but whose Life was a Regular, Easy, and Sedate Motion, should be in little Temptation of falling into a Plot; but ill Men, where they cannot meet a convenient Vice, can make use of a Virtue to a base Purpose.

He was Lineally Descended from the famous *Brutus*, that extinguish'd the *Tarquins*, whose Debauches and Cruelties made a Regal Name in *Rome* as justly odious as that of the *Bruti* venerable for the Extirpation of it; and *Cæsar* had very lately in the midst of an absolute and unlimited Power, betray'd a Fantastick Ambition of being call'd King, which render'd him Obnoxious to the Malice of the Conspirators and the Virtue of *Brutus*. This was the Place where the Magnanimity of that Patriot seem'd most accessible, for 'twas obvious, that he who wanted nothing else to spur him to Glorious Attempts, must be also Animated by the Memory of Illustrious Ancestors, and not like narrow and degenerate Spirits, be satisfied with the Fantask of Honour deriv'd from others,

others, from whom, without a Similitude of Virtue, 'tis an unhappy distinction to descend.

Yet however hopeful this Handle appear'd; they could not so abruptly attempt upon his awful Character, as immediately to propose the Murder to him, without some distant Preparation of Mind to receive it. There were therefore these Words frequently dropt in his way, from unknown Hands: Thou art no longer *Brutus*; Thou art asleep, *Brutus*; and the like; by which Artifice he grew very Thoughtful and busy with himself, about the Purpose of these Advertisements: One of such Moments *Cassius* took hold of, and opened to him the great Design for the Liberty of his Country from *Cæsar's* Usurpation; There needed no more to make him do a thing, but his Belief that 'twas just; He soon consented that *Cæsar* deserved to die, and since he did, to die by his Hand. Gaining this Personage, made all ripe for Execution, and *Cassius* possess'd a full Satisfaction in that he had engaged a Man in the Attempt, who in the Eyes of the People, instead of being sully'd by it, would stamp a Justice and Authority upon the Action; whose confirm'd Reputation was sufficient to expiate a Murder, and consecrate an Assassination.

Yet tho' his Justice made him readily consent to *Cæsar's* Death, his Gratitude upon Reflection shook his Resolution to act in it; all which Conflict with himself we cannot view without the Incident of *Porcia's* Story.

This Lady observed her Husband fall on a sudden from an easy, placid, and fond, into a troubled, short, and distracted behaviour; she saw
his

his Mind too much employ'd for the conjugal Endearments, and kind Tenderneſſes, in which ſhe was uſually happy; yet upon this Obſervation grew neither Jealous or Sullen, but mourn'd his Silence of his Affliction to her with as deep a Silence: This Lady, I ſay, this noble *Roman* Wife, turn'd all her Suſpicion upon herſelf, and modeſtly believ'd 'twas her incapacity for bearing ſo great a Secret, as that which diſcomposed the ſtedfaſt *Brutus*, made him conceal from her an Affliction, which ſhe thought ſhe had a Title to participate; and therefore reſolved to know of herſelf, whether his Secrecy was a Wrong to her, before ſhe would think it ſo; to make this Experiment, ſhe gave herſelf a deep Stab in the Thigh; and thought if ſhe could bear that Torture, ſhe could alſo that of a Secret; the Anguiſh and Concealment of her Wound threw her into a Fever, in that Condition ſhe thus ſpoke to her Huſband.

* “ I, *Brutus*, being the Daughter of *Cato*,
 “ was given to you in Marriage, not like a Con-
 “ cubine, to partake only of the common Civi-
 “ lities of Bed and Board, but to bear a part in
 “ all your good and all your evil Fortunes;
 “ and for my part, when I look on you, I find
 “ no reaſon to repent this Match; But from Me,
 “ what Evidence of my Love, what Satisfaction
 “ can you receive, if I may not ſhare with you
 “ in your moſt hidden Griefs, nor be admitted
 “ to any of your Counſels, that require Secrecy
 “ and Truſt? I know very well that Women
 “ ſeem to be of too weak a Nature to be truſted
 “ with Secrets; but certainly, *Brutus*, a Vir-

* Vid. *Mr. Duke's Translation of the Life of Brutus.*

“ tuous

“ tuous Birth and Education, and a Conversa-
 “ tion with the Good and Honourable, are of
 “ some force to the forming our Manners and
 “ strengthening our natural Weakness; and I
 “ can boast that I am the Daughter of *Cato*,
 “ and the Wife of *Brutus*. In which two great
 “ Titles, tho’ before I put too little Confidence,
 “ yet now I have tried myself, I find that even
 “ against Grief and Pain I am Invincible.”

She then told him what she had done, but it
 is not easy to represent the kind Admiration
 such a Discourse must give a Husband, and the
 sweet Transport that was drawn from their mu-
 tual Affliction, is too delicate a Touch of Mind
 to be understood but by a *Brutus* and a *Porcia*.
 Yet tho’ he was not too Wise to be tender to
 his Wife, when he had unbosom’d himself, in
 spite of this last Action, and a thousand name-
 less things, that occurred to his Memory to
 soften him, he left his Illustrious Heroine in her
 Pains and her Sorrows, to pursue his public
 Resolutions. But he is gone, and she can burst
 into those Tears which the Awe of his Virtue
 had made her smother; for how, alas, shall the
 Heart of Woman receive so harsh a Virtue, as
 to gratify her Husband’s Will, by consenting
 to his Ruin? How shall she struggle with her
 own Weakness and his Honour? But while
 she lay in his Bosom she learn’d all the Gal-
 lantry of it, and when she ponders his Immortal
 Fame, his Generous Justice, and *Roman* Reso-
 lution, her Mind enlarges into a Greatness,
 which surmounts her Sex, and her Affection:
 When she views him in the conspicuous part
 of Life, she can bear, nay triumph in his
 Loss;

Loss; when she reflects and remembers their Tenderer Hours, thus would he Look, thus would he Talk, such was his Gesture, Mein, the Mirth, the Gaiety of the Man she Loved (which Instances are more intimaté Objects of Affection, than Mens greater Qualities) then she is all Woman, she resigns the Great but laments the Agreeable Man; Can then my *Brutus* leave me? Can he leave these longing Arms for Fame? She has no just Notion of any higher Being to support her wretched Condition; but however her Female Infirmary made her languish, she has still Constancy enough to keep a Secret that concerns her Husband's Reputation, tho' she melts away in Tears, and pines into Death in Contemplation of her Sufferings.

Such must have been the Soliloquy of this Memorable Wife, who has left behind her an everlasting Argument, how far a Generous Treatment can make that tender Sex go even beyond the Resolution of Man, when we allow that they are by Nature form'd to Pity, Love, and Fear, and we with an Impulse to Ambition, Danger, and Adventure.

The World bore a Gloom and heavy Pre-
sage of *Cæsar's* approaching Fate. 'Tis said
Wild Beasts came into the most frequented
Part of the City, Apparitions in the Streets,
unusual Illuminations in the Skies, and inau-
spicious Sacrifices damp'd the Hearts of all Men,
but the Assassins, who with an incredible Calm
of Mind, expected the opportunity of Satiating
their Vengeance in the Blood of the Usurper;
yet was not *Cassius* himself wholly unconcern'd,
for

for tho' he was as great an Athiest as any among us can pretend to be, he had the Weakness and Superstition at that time, to invoke a Statue of *Pompey* for his Assistance. It is observable, that *Cæsar*, the Evening before his Fate, in a Supper-conversation (at one of his Murderer's Houses) on the subject of Death, pronounced a sudden one to be the most desirable; and a little shock'd with reiterated ill Omens, and touch'd with the foreboding Dreams and Frights of a tender Wife, resolved to forbear going to the Senate on the Morning appointed for his Execution; which Difficulty *D. Brutus* undertook to get over; a Gentleman so superlatively excellent that way, that he could not only upon such an occasion appear Composed, but also in very good Humour; this sneering Russian rallied away his Fears, and with a very good Mein conducted his Friend to his Murder.

When he came into the Senate, they rose to him, and with a pretended joint Petition for a Banish'd Man, the Assassins pressed about him, as soon as he was Seated: He severally check'd their Importunity, but while they were thus employ'd, one of 'em gave the Sign by throwing his Robe over his Neck; another, oppress'd with the Grandeur of the Attempt, made at him an irresolute Pass: He briskly opposed the Villain, and call'd him so; They all rush'd on him with drawn Ponyards; still he resisted, 'till he saw *Brutus* coming on, then with a generous and disdainful Resignation, yielded to the stroke of a Pardon'd, Obliged, and rewarded Friend. But there are in *England* a Race of
Men,

Men, who have this Action in the most profess'd Veneration, and who speciously miscall the Rancour, Malice and Hatred of all Happier and Higher than themselves (which they have in common with *Cassius*) Gallantry of Mind, Disdain of Servitude, and Passion for public Good, which they pretend to with *Brutus*; and thus qualified with Ill, set up for Faction, Business, and Enmity to Kings. But 'tis to be hoped these Men only run round 'till they are giddy, and when all things turn too, fancy themselves Authors of the Motion about 'em, and so take their Vertigo for their Force; for sure they have a futile Pretence to a good publick Spirit, who have an ill private one.

But there lies the Mighty *Cæsar*, an Eternal Instance how much too generous and too believing those unhappy Princes are, who depend upon the tie of Mens Obligations to 'em, without having their Opinions on their Side; for nothing hinders a Man's walking by the Principles of his Soul, but an Opportunity to exert 'em; when that occurs, the secret Enemy throws off his Mask and draws his Dagger.

Yet Reflections of this nature are somewhat foreign to our Purpose, we must therefore follow these bloody Men, to a Fate as violent as they gave their Benefactor; for 'twas in Providence to frustrate their Counsels, by turning that Virtue to their Ruin, which they had ensnared for their Protection. The fearless *Brutus* had too much Clemency, to make this Blow safe by the Execution of the nearest Adherents to *Cæsar*; His Safety consisted in his unbiass'd Mind and undaunted Resolution, which would
not

not let him stoop to the taking away any Life below that of the greatest of Mankind.

However this Injury was repair'd to *Cæsar*, for he was voted a God in the very Place where he ceased to be a Man; which had been a good saving Clause, could they have persuaded his Successor *Octavius* also, to have been contented with *Omnipotence*; but the young *Scholar* was so much enamour'd with this World, that he left his *Book* to disturb and rule it; and to compass his End, took upon him the hopeful Resolution of sparing no Man, from a Reflection perhaps that his Uncle was Ruin'd by Mercy in his Victories.

But it is not our Business to fall into an Historical Account of the various Occurrences, which happen'd in the War between the *Cæsarian* Army and that of the Conspirators, any farther than it is necessary for judging how far the Principles they walk'd by were useful to 'em in their greatest Extremities. As *Brutus* one Evening sat Pensive and Revolving the Passages of Life, and the Memory of *Cæsar* occur'd to him, now perhaps not as a Traitor, a Tyrant or Usurper, but as one he Lov'd and Murder'd; an Apparition appear'd (or he thought appear'd to him) which told him he was his evil Genius, and would meet him at *Philippi*; to which he calmly answered, *I'll meet thee there*: But he communicated a sad Impression which this made upon him to *Cassius*, who in an *Epicurean* manner gave him a Superficial Comfort, by Discourses of the Illusions, our Fancies, our Dreams, and our Sorrows imprint upon the Mind, and make an imaginary a real Torment.

Yet

Yet the Night before the fatal Battle, he enquired (in case of a Defeat, his Resolution as to Flight and Death. To which *Brutus*:

* “ When I was young, *Cassius*, and unskilful in Affairs, I was engaged I know not how into an Opinion of Philosophy, which made me accuse *Cato* for killing himself, as thinking it an irreligious Act against the Gods, nor any ways valiant amongst Men, not to submit to Divine Providence, nor be able fearlessly to receive and undergo whatever shall happen; but to fly from it: But now in the midst of Dangers I am quite of another Mind, for if Providence shall not dispose what I now undertake according to our Wishes, I resolve to try no farther Hopes, nor make any more Preparations for War, but will Die contented with my Fortune, for I already have given up my Life to the Service of my Country on the *Ides of March*, and all the time that I lived since, has been with Liberty and Honour.”

However Gallant this Speech may seem at first Sight, it is upon Reflection a very mean one; for he urges no manner of Reason for his Desertion of the noble Principle of Resignation to the Divine Will, but his Dangers and Distresses; which indeed is no more than if he had plainly confess’d, that all the Schemes we can form to ourselves in a compos’d and prosperous Condition, when we come to be oppress’d with Calamities, vanish from us, and are but the Effects of luxuriant Ease and good Humour, and languish and die away with them.

* Vid. *Mr. Duke’s Translation of the Life of Brutus.*

But

But to make this a fair Deduction from his Discourse, let us Impartially (but with Tenderness and Pity) look at him in his last Pangs: At the Battle of *Philippi*, *Brutus* commanded the Right, *Cassius* the Left of the Line: The first broke the opposite Wing of the Enemy, the second was himself forced. But by a Failure in their Orders and Intelligence, each was ignorant of the other's Fortune; *Brutus* follow'd his Blow, and his Heat drove him too far before he thought of *Cassius*, whom at last, with a strong Detachment, he returns to Relieve. His Friend retreated to a rising Ground, to view and bewail the Fate of their Cause, and commanded an Officer to observe that Body marching towards him: The Gentleman soon found 'em Friends, and confidently rid in amongst 'em; they as kindly enclosed him to enquire News: Upon seeing this, the miserable *Cassius* concluded him taken by the Enemy, and giving all for lost, retired into a Tent, where he was by his own Order kill'd by a Servant.

Here *Brutus*, whom neither the Fondness of an excellent Wife, Obligations to a generous Friend, or a Message from the Dead could divert from meeting all Encounters, sinks and falls into the most extream Despair.

He, with some others that escaped the Pursuit, retired to a Thicket of a Wood, where also finding they were traced, 'twas proposed still to Fly: But he, after having express'd a Satisfaction (but a false one, since he could not live with it) in his Integrity, which he preferr'd to the Successes of his Enemies, ran upon his
Sword,

Sword, and transfix'd that great Heart with a superfluous Blow, which sure was before Stabb'd with the killing Reflection upon *Et tu Brute?*

Here let us throw a Veil over this mistaken Great Man, and if possible, cover him from Human Sight for ever, that his seduced and *Ambiguous* Virtue may be no more Prophaned, as an Umbrage to the Counsels of perjured Friends, Sacrilegious Regicides, and implacable Desperadoes.

Now the use we make of these Reflections, is, that since we have seen the mighty *Cæsar* himself fall into Superstition at the Thought of his Exit, since *Cato's* firm Constancy, *Brutus* his generous Zeal, and *Cassius* his steady Malice, all ended in the same Dereliction of themselves, and Despondence at last, we may justly conclude, that whatever Law we may make to ourselves from the Greatness of Nature or the Principles of Philosophy, for the Conduct and Regulation of Life, is itself but an Artificial Passion, by which we vainly hope to subdue those that are Natural, and which will certainly rise or fall with our Disappointment or Success, and we that are liable to both are highly concern'd to be prepar'd for either: At which Perfection there is no nearer way to arrive, but by attending our own Make, and observing by what means human Life, from its simple and Rural Happiness, swell'd into the weighty Cares and Distractions with which it is at present Enchanted; and from this Knowledge of our Misery, *Extract* our Satisfaction.



C H A P. II.

MAN is a Creature of so mixed a Composure, and of a Frame so inconsistent and different from *Itself*, that it easily speaks his Affinity to the highest and meanest Beings; that is to say, he is made of Body and Soul, he is at once an *Engine* and an *Engineer*: Tho' indeed both that Body and Soul act in many Instances separate and independent of each other: For when he Thinks, Reasons, and Concludes, he has not in all that Work the least Assistance from his Body: His finest Fibres, purest Blood, and highest Spirits are as brute and distant from a Capacity of Thinking as his very Bones; and the Body is so mere a Machine, that it Hungers, Thirsts, Tastes and Digests, without any exerted Thought of the Mind to command that Operation: which when he observes upon himself, he may, without deriving it from Vapour, Fume or Distemper, believe that his Soul may as well exist out of, as in that Body from which it borrows nothing to make it capable of performing its most perfect Functions. This may give him hopes, that tho' his Trunk return to its native Dust he may not all perish, but the Inhabitant of it may remove to another Mansion; especially since he knows only Mechanically that they have, not Demonstratively how they have, even a present Union.

And

And since this Mind has a Consciousness and superior Reflection upon its own Being and Actions, and that Thoughts flow in upon it, from it knows not what Source, it is not Unnatural for it to conceive, that there is something of a Nature like itself, which may, imperceptibly, act upon it, and where it cannot deduce its reasonable Performances from any corporeal Beginning, draw Hopes or Fears from some Being thus capable to impress Pleasure or Torment; which Being it cannot but suppose its Author.

But this its Author is incomprehensible to the Soul (which he has thought fit to imprison in Sense and Matter) but as he is pleas'd to reveal himself, and bestow upon it an Expectation of its Enlargement; yet were we to take the Account which poetical Writers give, and suppose a Creature with these Endowments wandering among other wild Animals, the intelligent Savage would not be contented with what Rapine or Craft could gain from his Brethren Beasts, but his Condition would still be as necessitous for his better Part; and his dark natural Enquiry would make him, for want of a more just knowledge of his Creator, fall into Superstition, and believe every Fountain, Grove and Forest inhabited by some peculiar Deity, that bestow'd upon Mankind the Stream, the Shade and the Breeze.

But we are inform'd that the wonderful Creator of all Things, after he had given the Rivers to flow, the Earth to bring forth, and the Beasts to feed, saw and approv'd his Work, but thought a dumb, brute, and mechanick

C

World

World an imperfect Creation, 'till inhabited by a conscious Being, whose Happiness should consist in Obedience to, and a Contemplation on him and his *Wonders*.

For this reason Man was created with intellectual Powers and higher Faculties, who immediately beheld with Joy and Rapture a World made for the Support and Admiration of his new Being; how came he into this happy happy State! whence the Order! the Beauty! the *Melody* of this *Living* Garden! Are the *Trees* verdant? Do the *Birds* sing? Do the *Fountains* flow for no other reason but to delight and entertain him? How does he pass through the most bright and delicious Objects, and how does he *Burn* to utter himself upon the *Ecstatic* Motions which they give him! In such sweet Inquietude were the first Hours of the World spent, and in this *Lassitude* of Bliss and Thought our Parent fell into a profound Sleep; when his Maker, who knew how irksome a lonely Happiness was to a sociable Nature, form'd out of his Side a Companion, Woman: He awak'd, and by a Secret Sympathy beheld his Wife: He beheld his own rougher Make soften'd into Sweetness, and temper'd into Smiles: He saw a Creature who had as it were Heaven's second Thought in her Formation) to whom he could communicate his Conceptions, on whom he could *Glut* his Eyes, with whom he could ravish his Heart: Over this Consort his Strength and Wisdom claim'd, but his Affection resign'd the Superiority: These both *Equal* and both *Superior* were to live in a perfect Tranquillity, and produce as happy a Progeny: The Earth
and

and all its Fruit were theirs, Except only one Tree: Which light *Injunction* was all that was requir'd of 'em as an Instance of their Obedience and Gratitude to his Bounty, who had given 'em every thing else. But such was their Vanity and Ingratitude, that they soon forgot the Dependance suitable to a borrow'd Being, and were deluded into an empty Hope of becoming by their Transgression like their Creator, and (tho' just born of the Dust) proud enough from that No-Existence to disdain one that was precarious: They did *therefore* Eat and were Undone: They offended God, and like all *their* succeeding Criminals against him, were conscious that they did so: Innocence and Simplicity were banish'd their Bosoms, to give way to Remorse and Conviction. Guilt and Shame are the new Ideas they have pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge: Their affronted Creator pronounces upon 'em a Sentence which they now think more supportable than the Pain of his offended Presence, which he withdrew; and commanded Nature to give 'em no further voluntary Obedience; so that he was now to extort from her the Continuance of their wretched Condition by Toil and Labour, and she to bring forth Heirs to it with Pangs and Torture.

This is the Account we have from a certain neglected Book, which is call'd, and for its genuine Excellence above all other Books deservedly call'd, THE SCRIPTURE: And methinks we may be convinc'd of the Truth of this History of our Parents, by the infallible Spots and Symptoms of their Hereditary Disease in our Tempers, Pride and Ingratitude:

For what is more natural to us, than by an unreasonable Self-Opinion, (tho' we cannot but feel that we are but mere Creatures, and not of our selves) to assure to our selves the Praise and Glory of our Capacities and Endowments! and how lazy, how unwilling are we to *Eradicate* the deep and inward Satisfaction of Self-admiration? However it must be confess'd, that 'tis the most senseless and stupid of all our Infirmities; for 'till you can remember and recount to us, when that Thinking, *Throbbing* Particle within, first resolv'd to *wear* a Body, when it spun out its Arteries, Fibres and Veins, contriv'd the warm circulating Stream that runs through 'em, when you first ventur'd to let the Heart pant, the Lungs suck Air, and at last to launch the whole tender Machine into the hazard of Motion; 'till, I say, you can acquaint us with all this, you must kneel, fall down before him, by whom you were thus fearfully and wonderfully made.

But the first Pair, now suspicious of each other, banish'd the more immediate Influence and Presence of their Almighty Protector, were liable (Naked and Distress'd as they were) to be entangled by the Thorn and the Brier, and torn by the Lion and Wolf, who have ever since been prompted to fly in the Faces of the detested Ingrates: Therefore the increasing World, for their Defence against Themselves, and other Animals, were oblig'd to go into Contracts and Policies, so that human Life (by long Gradation) ascended into an Art: The Tongue was now to utter one thing, and the Bosom to conceal another; and from a Desire of Superiority

periority, in our deprav'd Natures, was bred that unsatisfied *Hunger*, Ambition; a monstrous Ex-
 crescence of the Mind, which makes Superflui-
 ty, Riches, Honour and Distinction, but mere
 Necessities of Life, as if 'twere our Fate in our
 fallen Condition (lest a Supply of what frugal
 Nature desires should be obtain'd) to find out
 an Indigence foreign to us, which is incapable
 of being reliev'd, and which (to confirm our
 Want and Misery) increases with its Acquisi-
 tions: Under this leading Crime, are Envy,
 Hatred, Cruelty, Cunning, Craft and Debate,
 muster'd and arm'd; and a Battalion of Dis-
 eases, Torments and Cares, the natural Effects
 of those Evils, become our bosom Compani-
 ons; from which no Arms can rescue, no
 Flight secure us, but a Return to that God, in
 whose Protection only is our native lost Seat
 of Rest and Tranquillity. To which Abode
 since our Expulsion we cannot dare to approach,
 but Guilt which runs even to Succours it knows
 vain, makes us, with our first Parents in the
 same Circumstances, hide from Omnipresence:
 I said in the same Circumstances, for we have
 not only implicitly committed their Crime, as
 we were in them, but do also actually repeat
 it in our own Persons: For when a created
 Being relinquishes the Power of its Creator,
 and instead of relying on his Conduct and Go-
 vernment, draws to itself an independent Mo-
 del of Life, what does it but pluck from the
 Tree of Knowledge, and attempt a Theft of
 Understanding, from him who is Wisdom it-
 self? This is a tremendous Consideration, yet
 is there not that Man breathing, who has any

where placed his Confidence but in God, and considers seriously his own Heart, but feels its Weight, nor can the Bosom under it receive any Impression, but that of endless Despair.

But behold the Darkness disperses, and there is still Hope breaking in upon our Sorrow, by the Light of which we may again lift up our Eyes, and see our Maker: For in the midst of our deserv'd Misery, our Reconciliation is coming on through a Mediator, which is perfectly unconcern'd in our Crime: But tho' innocent of our Transgression, assumes that and our Nature, and, as an Atonement for us, offers his Life a Ransom, with this Regard on our Part, that as it is an Expiation, it is also an Example: An Example to instruct us, that not only the first Command laid upon us was a reasonable one, but also the present Life easy and supportable, for he himself voluntarily undergoes it in its greatest Calamities: He who had all things in his Power, and wanted all things, by enforcing an abstinent use of Wealth, and patient enduring of Poverty, restores us not only to the Bliss of leading this Life with Satisfaction and Resignation to the Divine Will (which only is our true Life) but by a short Passage through a momentary Death, translates us to an happy everlasting Existence, incapable of Sorrow, Weariness or Change: To accomplish which great Revolution, our glorious Deliverer from our selves design'd to establish his Empire, not by Conquest, but a Right much more lasting, *Arduous and Indisputable Conviction*; For our Slavery being Intellectual and in our own Bosom, the Redemption must be there also; Yet the

the World, enchanted with its own imaginary Notions of Freedom, knew not how to receive so abstracted a Manumission, but contemn'd the Promise of Restoration to *Life and Liberty*, from a poor Man, who himself enjoy'd none of the Advantages which arise from those *dear* (but *misunderstood*) Appellations.

May we then without Blame approach and behold this sacred and miraculous Life? How, alas! shall we trace the mysterious steps of God and Man? How consider him at once in subjection to, and dominion over Nature?

The most apposite, (tho' most slow) Method of reducing the world to its Obedience, was that our blessed Saviour should appear in the despicable Attire which he did, without any of those attendant Accidents which attract the Eye, and charm the Imagination: For the Knowledge which he was to introduce, being an Eternal Truth; the proper Mansion for it was in the Reason and Judgment, into which when it had once enter'd, it was not to be removed by any Impressions upon the lower Faculties, to which it was not to be beholden for a Reception. There is not therefore one Instance in the New Testament of Power exerted to the Destruction, tho' so many to the Preservation of Mankind: But to a degenerate Race, he that heals, is less valued than he that kills: Confusion, Terror, Noise and Amazement, are what only strike servile Minds; but Order, Symmetry, silent Awe, Blessings and Peace, are Allurements to the Open, Simple, Innocent and truly knowing; yet the very Nation among whom the Holy *Jesus* descended to

Converse, had (if we may so speak) in a manner tired Heaven with appearing in the more pompous Demonstrations of its Power: They pass'd through Waves *Divided* and *Erect* for their March, they were supernaturally fed in a Wilderness, a Mountain shook, and Thunder uttered their Law; Nations were destroyed to gain them Inheritance! But they soon forgot these Benefits, and upon the least Cessation of Fear and Miracle, they deserted their Creator, and returned to their own Handywork Deities, who were as senseless of their Makers, as themselves were of theirs.

Thus short-liv'd is Wonder, and thus impotent to fix (what we have said our Lawgiver designed) Conviction. For which Reason our Astonishment in the New Testament is more sparingly raised, and that only to awaken our Attention to plain, easy, and obvious Truths (which support themselves when received) by the Authority of Miracle.

We read [*Math. iv.*] that He was led into a Wilderness, where he wonderfully bore Hunger and Want for Forty Days; in the height of which Exigence and Necessity, the Tempter came to him, and urged him, if he were the Son of God, to relieve his present Misery, by turning the Stones into Bread; which Attempt when he found fruitless, and observed that he would use no supernatural Relief, but bear Human Nature and its Infirmities, he attacks him in the most acceptable way to our *Weakness*, in the Supplies of Pride and Vanity: He shewed him the Kingdoms and Glory of the World, (which he had purchas'd from Man
by

by his Defection from God) and offer'd him the Dominion of 'em if he would worship him, but our Lord contemn'd this also, and in his Want and Poverty retir'd into a private Village; where, and in the adjacent Parts, if the necessitous Man lay in Obscurity, the merciful God did not, for he never discontinued his visible benign Assistance, to the Relief of the Diseas'd, the Possess'd and the Tormented.

In his admirable Sermon upon the Mount, [*Matth. v.*] he gives his Divine Précepts in so easy and familiar a manner, and which are so well adapted to all the Rules of Life and right Reason, that they must needs carry throughout a self-evident Authority to all that read 'em; to those that obey 'em, from the firm Satisfaction which they inspire; to those that neglect 'em, from the Anxiety that naturally attends a contrary Practice: There is the whole Heart of Man discover'd by him that made it, and all our secret Impulses to Ill, and false Appearances of Good, expos'd and detected: Among other excellent Doctrines, one which methinks must be, to those who are so harden'd as to read the Divine Oracles with Unbelief, an irrefragable Argument of his Divinity: *But when thou prayest, enter into thy Closet, and when thou hast shut thy Door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.* [*Matth. vi. 6.*] Now it cannot enter into the Heart of Man, that any but God could be the Author of a Command so abstracted from all worldly Interests; for how absurd were it in a Being, that had not an Intercourse with our Souls, or knew

not their most secret Motions, to direct our Application to itself, so strictly apart, and out of the Observation of any Power less than Ubiquitary.

There came to him a Captain, [*Matth. viii.*] in the Behalf of his Servant, grievously tormented with a Palsy: Our Lord promis'd him to come and heal him, but the Soldier (with an Openness and Sincerity of Mind peculiar to his Profession) who could not believe in, or serve him, but with his whole Heart, told him, he knew Nature was in his Power with as despotick a Subjection, as his Men were under his, begg'd him only to speak him whole, and he knew he would be so: Our Saviour extoll'd his honest, frank, and unreserved Confidence, gave him a suitable Success, sending him away with this glorious Eulogium, that he had not found such Faith, no not in *Israel*.

Thus did he bestow Mercy and Salvation upon the easy and common Terms of ordinary *Friendship*, as if there needed nothing to make him, but believing he would be, their Benefactor. And who, in the least Affairs, is a Friend to him that distrusts him?

In plain and apt Parable, Similitude and Allegory, he proceeded daily to inspire and enforce the Doctrine of our Salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the Presumption of being wiser than they: Is not this the Carpenter's Son, is not his Mother called *Mary*, his Brethren, *James, Joseph, Simon* and *Judas*? [*Matt. xiii. 55.*] They could not raise their little Ideas above the consideration of him, in those

those Circumstances familiar to 'em, or conceive that he who appeared not more Terrible or Pompous, should have any thing more Exalted than themselves; he in that Place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of Conquering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, [*Matth. xv.*] and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick and Maim'd; whom when their Creator had Touch'd, with a second Life they Saw, Spoke, Leap'd and Ran; in Affection to him, and Admiration of his Actions, the Croud could not leave him, but waited near him three Days, 'till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for Succour: He had compassion on 'em, commanded 'em to be seated and with seven Loaves, and a few little Fishes, fed four thousand Men, besides Women and Children. Oh the extatick Entertainment! when they could behold their Food immediately increase, to the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person feeding and Refreshing his Creatures: Oh envy'd Happiness! But why do I say envy'd, as if our good God did not still preside over our temperate Meals, chearful Hours, and innocent Conversations.

But tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles, not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of Divinity, he never gave the least hint of a Design to become a Secular Prince, or in a forcible or miraculous manner to cast off the *Roman Yoke* they were under, and restore again those disgrac'd Favourites

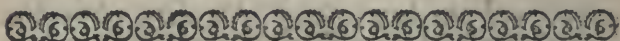
rites of Heaven, to its former Indulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves (so *deep set* is our Natural Pride) any other than hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches, and Pomp: For *Peter*, who it seems ever since he left his Net and his Skiff, dreamt of nothing but being a great Man, was utterly undone to hear our Saviour explain to them, upon an Accident of Ambition among them, that his Kingdom was not of this World; and was so scandaliz'd that he, whom he had so long follow'd, should suffer the Ignominy, Shame and Death, which he foretold, that he took him aside, and said, *Be it far from thee Lord, this shall not be unto thee*: [Matt. xvi. 22.] For which he suffer'd a severe Reprehension from his Master, having in his View the Glory of Man, rather than that of God.

The great Change of Things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer, to make his publick Entry into *Jerusalem*, with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Ostentation and Pomp of a Triumph; [Matth. xxi.] He came Humble, Meek, and Lowly; with an unselt new Extasy, Multitudes strow'd his way with Garments and Olive-branches, Crying with loud Gladness and Acclamations, *Hosannah to the Son of David, Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord!* At this Great King's Accession to his Throne, Men were not Ennobled but Sav'd; Crimes were not Remitted, but Sins Forgiven; he did not bestow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech! The first Object the Blind ever saw, was the Author of
Sight,

Sight, while the Lame ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hosannah!* Thus attended, he entered into his own House, the Sacred Temple, and by his Divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings, that prophaned it; and thus did he, for a Time, use a great and despotic Power, to let Unbelievers understand, that it was not Want of, but Superiority to all worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it: But is this than the Saviour, is this the Deliverer? shall this obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit upon the Throne of *David*? such were the unpleasant Forms that ran in the Thoughts of the then Powerful in *Jerusalem*, upon the most truly Glorious Entry that ever Prince made, for there was not one that followed him, who was not in his Interest; their proud and disdainful Hearts, which were petrified with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with Benefits to conspire his Death: Our Lord was sensible of their Design, and prepared his Disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befall him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Resolution, and in a Flush of Temper, made a sanguine Protestation [*Matt.* xxvi. 33.] that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Business in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Assistance to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very Night.

But

But what Heart can conceive? What Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder Buffeted, Mock'd and Spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour and my God? And will he die to expiate those very Injuries? See where they have nail'd the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken! His Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity, and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy! Lo he inclines his Head to his sacred Bosom! Hark he Groans, see he Expires! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burst, the Dead Arise; Which are the Quick? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator!



C H A P. III.

THERE was nothing in our Saviour's own Deportment, or in the Principles He introduced for our Conduct, but what was so far from Opposing, that they might naturally fall in with the Statutes or Forms of any Civil Government whatever, and regarded 'em no otherwise than to make us more Obedient to them: Yet the Professors of this Doctrine were told they were to meet but very little Quarter, for the acceptable Service they were to do 'em, but must lay down their very Lives to bring us to a Contempt of their Grandeur, in Comparison of greater and higher Pursuits: In order
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to this Great End, their despicable Artillery were Poverty and Meekness; the Consideration therefore of those Arms is no Digression from our Purpose: It is in every Body's Observation with what Disadvantage a poor Man enters upon the most Ordinary Affairs, much more disputing with the whole World, and in contradiction of the Rich, that is, the Wise; For as certainly as Wealth gives Acceptance and Grace to all that its Possessor says or does, so Poverty creates Disesteem, Scorn, and Prejudice to all the Undertakings of the Indigent: The necessitous Man has neither Hands, Lips, or Understanding, for his own, or Friend's use, but is in the same Condition with the Sick, with this Difference only, that his is an Infection no Man will relieve, or assist, or if he does, 'tis seldom, with so much Pity, as Contempt, and rather for the Ostentation of the Physician, than Compassion on the Patient: It is a Circumstance, wherein a Man finds all the Good he deserves inaccessible, all the Ill unavoidable; and the poor Hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor Villain hang'd: Under these Pressures the poor Man speaks with Hesitation, undertakes with Irresolution, and acts with Disappointment: He is slighted in Mens Conversations, overlook'd in their Assemblies, and beaten at their Doors: But from whence alas has he this Treatment? from a Creature that has only the Supply of, but not an Exemption from the Wants, for which he despises him: For such is the unaccountable Insolence of Man, that he will not see that he who is supported, is in the same Class of natural

tural Necessity with him that wants a Support; and to be help'd, implies to be indigent. In a Word, after all you can say of a Man, conclude that he is Rich, and you have made him Friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a Man in the World's Opinion, 'till you have said he is Poor: This is the Emphatical Expression of Praise and Blame, for Men so stupidly forget their natural Impotence and Want, that Riches and Poverty have taken in our Imagination the Place of Innocence and Guilt; he therefore that has suffered the Contumelies, Disappointments and Miseries which attend the Poor Man's Condition, and without running into base, indecent, or servile Arts for his Redress, hath return'd upon an insolent World its Scorn, He (I say) has fought a nobler Fight, Conquer'd greater Difficulties, and deserves a brighter Diadem, than ever Fortune bestow'd on the most fonded and most gaudy of her Favourites: But to capacitate one's self for this hard Work, how necessary is that Sublime and Heroick Virtue, Meekness? a Virtue which seems the very Characteristick of a Christian, and arises from a great, not a groveling Idea of things: For as certainly as Pride proceeds from a mean and narrow View of the little Advantages about a Man's self, so Meekness is founded on the extended Contemplation of the Place we bear in the Universe, and a just Observation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepest Resolves and Councils; and as (to a well-taught Mind) when you've said an Haughty and Proud Man, you have spoke a narrow Conception, little Spirit, and despicable

cable Carriage, so when you've said a Man's meek and humble, you've acquainted us, that such a Person has arrived at the hardest Task in the World, in an universal Observation round him, to be quick to see his own Faults and other Men's Virtues, and at the height of pardoning every Man sooner than himself; you've also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely and respectfully, is but a mere Justice to him that is ready to do us the same Offices: This Temper of Soul keeps us always awake to a just Sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to Worms as to Angels, and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those: It keeps our Understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little as they are in Nature, not as they are gilded or sullied by Accident and Fortune.

Meekness is to the Mind, what a good Mein is to the Body, without which, the best limb'd and finest complection'd Person may be very disagreeable, and with it, a very homely and plain one cannot be so: For a good Air supplies the Imperfection of Feature and Shape, by throwing a certain Beauty on the whole, which covers the Disagreeableness of the Parts; it has a State and Humility peculiar to itself above all Virtues, like the Holy Scripture, its sacred Record, where the highest things are express'd in the most easy Terms, and which carries throughout a condescending Explanation, and a certain Meekness of Style.

With this Circumstance, and this ready Virtue, the faithful Followers of a crucify'd Master

ster were to shape their Course to an eternal Kingdom, and with that in Prospect to contemn the Hazards and Disasters of a cruel and impenitent Generation. Great were the Actions and Sufferings of all our Blessed Saviour's Apostles; but *St. Paul* being peculiarly sent to Us who were or are Gentiles, he, methinks, more particularly challenges our Regard: God, who bestow'd upon others supernaturally the Gift of Tongues, but not of Arts, thought therefore fit to make use of him, already Master in some Measure of both, and qualified to converse with the politer World by his Acquaintance with their Studies, Laws, and Customs: But tho' he shows himself by frequent brisk Sal-lies and quick Interrogatories, skilful in approaching the Passions by Rhetorick, yet he is very modest in any of those Ornaments, and strikes all along at the Reason, where he never fails to convince the attentive and unprejudiced; and tho' his Person was very despicable (which to a Stranger is almost an insuperable Inconvenience) yet such was the Power of the commanding Truth which he utter'd, and his Skill how and when to utter it, that there every where appears in his Character, either the Man of Business, the Gentleman, the Hero, the Apostle, or the Martyr; which Eminence above the other Apostles, might well be expected from his sanguine and undertaking Complexion, temper'd by Education, and quickned by Grace: 'Tis true indeed, he had opposed in the most outrageous and violent Manner this new Faith, and was accessory to the Murder of the glorious Leader of the Army of Mar-tyrs,

tyrs, *St. Stephen*; but that fierce Disposition fell off with the Scales from his Eyes, and God, who ever regards the Intention, changed his mistaken Method of serving him, and he is now ready to promote the same Religion by his Sufferings, which before he would have extirpated by his Persecutions. He and his Companion had made very great Progress in the Conversion both of Jews and Gentiles, but certain Unbelievers prompted the Multitude to a Resolution, at a general Assembly, to assassinate them, [*Acts xiv.*] but they, advertis'd of it, fled unto *Lycania*, where their Actions and Eloquence were very successful; but at *Lystra*, a certain poor Cripple (from his Mother's Womb) heard him with very particular Attention and Devotion, whom the Apostle (observing in his very Countenance his warm Contrition and Preparation of Soul to receive the Benefit) commanded to stand up, upon which he immediately jump'd upon his legs, and walk'd: This Miracle alarm'd the whole City, who believed their Gods had descended in human Shapes: *Barnabas* was immediately *Jove*, and *Paul* his *Mercury*: The Priest of *Jupiter* now is coming to sacrifice to them with Oxen and Garlands; but they ran into the Multitude [*ver. 15.*] We are Men like you, are subject to the same Weakness, Infirmities, and Passions with yourselves: We, alas! are Impotent of the great things ourselves have done; your and our Creator will no longer let you wander in the Maze and Error of your Vanities and false Notions of his Deity, but has sent us with Instances of his Omnipotence to awake you to a Worship worthy him, and worthy you.

you. O graceful Passage, to see the great Apostle oppose his own Success! Now only his Vehemence, his Power and his Eloquence are too feeble when they are urgent against themselves; for with Prayers and Entreaties the Crowd could hardly be prevail'd upon to forbear their Adoration. But this Applause, like all other, was but a mere Gust; for the Malice of certain Jews followed them from *Iconiam*, and quickly insinuated into the giddy Multitude, as much Rancour as they had before Devotion; who in a tumultuary Manner stoned St. *Paul*, and dragg'd him as dead, out of the Gates of the City; but he bore their Affronts with much less Indignation than their Worship: Here was in a Trice the highest and lowest Condition, the most respectful and most insolent Treatment that Man could receive; but Christianity, which kept his eye upon the Cause, not Effect of his Actions, (and always gives us a transient Regard to transitory things) depressed him when adored, exalted him when affronted.

But these two excellent Men, tho' they had the Endearments of Fellow-Suffering, and their Friendship heightned by the yet faster Tie of Religion, could not longer accompany each other, but upon a Dispute about taking *Mark* with them, [*Acts* xv. ver. 39.] who it seems had before deserted them, their Dissension grew to the highest a Resentment between generous Friends ever can, even to part and estrange them: But they did it without Rancour, Malice, or perhaps Disesteem of each other; for God has made us, whether we observe it at the Instant
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of being so or not, so much Instruments of his great and secret Purposes, that he has given every individual Man, I know not what peculiarly his own, which so much distinguishes him from all other Persons, that 'tis impossible, sometimes, for two of the same generous Resolutions, Honesty and Integrity to do well together; whether it be that Providence has so order'd it to distribute Virtue the more, or whatever it is, such is the frequent Effect. For these noble Personages were forced to take different Ways, and in those were eminently useful in the same Cause; as you may have seen two chymical Waters, asunder, shining transparent, thrown together, muddy and offensive.

The Apostle [*Acts xvi.*] was warn'd in a Vision to go into *Macedonia*, whither he and his now Companion, *Silas*, accordingly went: At *Philippi* he commanded an evil Spirit to depart out of a young Woman; but her Master (to whom her Distraction was a Revenue, which ceased by her future Inability to answer the Demands usually made to her) with the ordinary Method of hiding private Malice in public Zeal, raised the Multitude upon them, as Disturbers of the public Peace, and Innovators upon their Laws and Liberties: The Multitude hurried them to the Magistrates, who happening to be as wise as themselves, commanded them to be stripp'd, whipp'd, and clapp'd in Goal: The Keeper receiving very strict Orders for their safe Custody, put them in Irons in the Dungeon; the abused Innocents had now no way left for their Redress, but applying

applying to their God, who when all human Arts and Forces fail, is ready for our Relief, nor did St. *Paul* on less Occasions implore præternatural Assistance;

* *Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.*—————

*Let not a God approach the Scene,
In Cases for a God too mean.*

We must, to Men of Wit and Gallantry, quote out of their own Scriptures. Their generous way of Devotion, and begging Assistance, was giving Thanks for their present Extremities: In the midst of their Sores and Chains, they sang Hymns and Praises to their Creator: Immediately the Bolts flew, the Manacles fell off, the Doors were open'd, and the Earth shook: The Goaler awakes in Terror, and believing all under his Custody escaped, went to dispatch himself; but St. *Paul* calls to him, he comes and beholds his Prisoners detain'd by nothing but their amazing Liberty; the Horror, Sorrow, Torture, and Despair of a Dungeon, turn'd into the Joy, the Rapture, the Hallelujah, the Ecstasy of an Heav'n; he fell trembling at the Apostle's Feet, resign'd himself to his Captives, and felt in himself the happy Exchange of his Liberty, for that Yoke in which alone is perfect Freedom. Early the next Morning, upon this stupendous Occasion, the Magistrates sent Orders those Men might be released: But St. *Paul*, who knew he had Law on his Side, and that his being a Prisoner made him not the less a Gentleman, and a Ro-

* Horace's *General Epistle to the Piso's*, Verse 105.

man,

man, scorn'd their pretended Favour, nor would regard their Message, 'till they had themselves, in as public a manner, acknowledged their Offence, as they had committed it, which they did by attending them in the Goal, and desiring in a ceremonious manner they would leave the City; upon which the Apostle accepted his Enlargement, and when he had settled what Business he had in that Town, [*Acts xvi.*] left it and its Rulers to forget that painful Truth, which they had neither Power to gainsay, nor Ingenuity to acknowledge.

His taking leave of the chief of the *Ephesian* Churches, is hardly to be read without Tears, where, when he had reminded them of his whole blameless, disinterested, humble, and laborious Carriage, he acquaints them with his Resolution of going to *Jerusalem*, and never to return thither; he knew not, he said, what would particularly befall him there, but that in general, Afflictions, Distresses and Indignities were the Portion of his Life, which he was ready to hazard or lay down in a Cause which has a certain sweetness in it, that can make a Man embrace his Chains, and enjoy his Miseries; what could be answer'd to his gallant Declaration and Behaviour, but what they did, [*Acts xx. 38.*] *who all wept sore, and fell on St. Paul's Neck, and kissed him? Sorrowing most of all for the Words which he spake, that they should see his Face no more.* Certain Jews of *Asia* were glad to see him again at *Jerusalem*, and inflamed the City with their personal Knowledge of his Carriage, to the Disparagement of the Temple, and the Rites of their Nation:
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Upon which he had been torn to Pieces, had he not been rescued by the commanding Military Officer there; of whom (going with him as a Prisoner into the Castle) he obtain'd the Liberty of speaking to the People: They heard him with great Attention, 'till he contradicted their Monopoly of God; at which they lost all Order and Patience. But Opposition was so far from dispiriting, that it did but quicken his Resolution; for his great Heart, instead of fainting and subsiding, rose and biggen'd in Proportion to any growing Danger that threatned him; however he is carried to his Imprisonment, but not even there to be without debate, for he is by the Commander's Order to be scourged, to which he does not passively, or basely submit, but asserts his *Roman* Privilege, and Exemption from such Indignities.

He was thereupon next Morning brought down to a Trial by a Council of his own Nation, [*Acts, chap. xxiii.*] where, upon his very opening his Mouth, the Chief Priest commanded him to be struck, for which he calls him Hypocrite and false Pretender to Justice, who could use a Man, he was to sit as Judge of, so inhumanly; but his Good-breeding being founded upon no less a Sanction than the Command of God, he immediately recollects himself, and acknowledges his Error and Disrespect to the Dignity of his Office: Yet observing (by this Treatment from the President of the Council) the Usage he was to expect, by a very skilful Turn he makes Friends in an Assembly unanimous in his Ruin, but in that only unanimous; for the *Pharisees*, in which Sect

he was bred, composing part of the Court, he closes with their Belief of a Resurrection, and there grounded the Cruelty he had met with among the Jews: This put them into so great a Flame, that to save him he was forcibly taken away into the Place from whence he came: His Enemies, gall'd to the quick at his escape, conspir'd to kill him, when (upon the High-Priest's Request) he should be remanded to a Trial: A Nephew of the Apostle's acquainted him with this; he was neither afraid or amaz'd at the Intelligence, but like a Man of Business and the World, discreetly and calmly order'd the Youth to be introduc'd to the Captain, whom he knew answerable for the Safety of his Prisoner: The Officer in the Night sent him with a strong Party to *Felix* the Governor of the Province, and directed his Accusers to follow him thither: Before *Felix*, one *Tertullus*, a mercenary Orator, baul'd an impertinent Harangue, introduc'd with false Praise of the Judge, and clos'd with false Accusation of the Prisoner, who with cogent plain Truth and matter of Fact, baffled his barbarous Eloquence, and obtain'd so good a Sense of himself and his Innocence with the Viceroy, that he gave him a private Audience on the Subject of his Faith; but instead of then making his Court to him, he fell upon his Excellency's own darling Vices, talk'd of Righteousness, Temperance, and Judgment, with its Terrors for Neglect of such Duties. In those Heathen Times, it seems, it was usual to have Excess, Wantonness, and Gluttony, to be the Practice of Courts, and the Apostle so nearly touched

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his Lordship, that he fell into a sudden Disorder before his Inferior, and dismiss'd him 'till another Season; he afterwards frequently was entertain'd by him, not without Hopes of a Bribe, which was also, in very old Times, the way to the Favours of the Great.

But *Fælix* now leaving his Lieutenantcy to *Festus*, this friendless good Man was a proper Person for a Tool to his Vanity, by doing an obliging Thing to the Jews, in leaving him still in Custody at his Departure, and no less useful to his new Excellency to be sacrificed to them upon his Entry: For at their Request to have him brought to *Jerusalem* (designing to dispatch him by the Way) tho' he at first deny'd it, he afterwards propos'd it to the Apostle himself, to have the Issue of his Trial there: but he handsomely evaded his base Condescension, and their as base Malice, by appealing as a *Roman* to *Cæsar* himself, before whose Authority he also then stood: But he is still kept in Gaol in the same State, to gratify the Jews, 'till *Agrippa* the *Tetrarch* of *Galilee* came to wait on *Festus*, who (after he had been there some Days) entertain'd him with the Case of *St. Paul*, and acquainted him that he was at a Loss what to do with him: He was so odious to the Jews, that he car'd not to enlarge him, and so Innocent in himself, that he knew not what Account to send with him to *Rome*: This mov'd *Agrippa's* Curiosity to hear him himself: in very great Pomp, he, his Sister, and whole Retinue came to his Trial: the Apostle made so excellent a Defence, that Mean, Wrong'd, Poor and Unfriended as he was, he was
neither

neither Ridiculous or Contemptible to that courtly Audience, but prevail'd so far upon the greatest and wisest Man there, that he forc'd him to declare, *thou hast almost persuaded me to be a Christian*; it would, methinks, be a Sin not to repeat his very handsom Answer.

I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this Day, were not only almost but altogether such as I am, except these bonds.
[Acts xxvi. ver. 29.]

His Appeal made it necessary in Course of Law, that he should go to *Rome*: in his Passage thither, and in the Tempest, Hunger and Shipwreck, his Constancy was not a Support to him only, but also to the whole Company; and being thrown upon a barbarous Island, he did and receiv'd mutual Offices among the poor Savages, not yet cultivated into Ingratitude. At *Rome*, the other Prisoners were carried into safe Custody, but he was permitted, with a Soldier only for his Ward, to live in his own hired House, teaching the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, no Man forbidding him; for it was only in *Nero's* Reign, nor had *Rome* yet arriv'd at the exquisite and refin'd Tyranny of an Inquisition. Thus we have been distinct in running through the more illustrious Passages of this consummate Life and Character, as they are plac'd in Holy Writ, and may presume, after all the Injuries we have done him, that there is not any Portraiture in the most excellent Writers of Morality, that can come up to its native Beauty; yet was not he contented to serve his God only by Example,

but has as eminently done it by Precept; where he pursues Vice, and urges Virtue with all the Reason, Energy and Force that either good Sense or Piety can inspire: And not upon the airy and fleeting Foundation of the Insensibility noble Minds bear to the Assaults of Fortune; which has been the Impertinence of Heathen Moralists, and among them *Seneca*.

“ * A good Man is not only the Friend of
 “ God, but the very Image, the Disciple, the
 “ Imitator of him, and the true Child of his
 “ Heavenly Father; He is true to himself, and
 “ acts with Constancy and Resolution, *Scipio*,
 “ by a cross Wind being forc’d into the Power
 “ of his Enemies, cast himself upon the Point
 “ of his Sword; and as the People were en-
 “ quiring what was become of the General,
 “ The General, says *Scipio*, is very well, and
 “ so he expir’d. A gallant Man is Fortune’s
 “ Match: His Courage provokes and de-
 “ spises those terrible Appearances, that would
 “ enslave us; a wise Man is out of the Reach
 “ of Fortune, but not free from the Malice of
 “ it: and all Attempts upon him are no more
 “ than *Xerxes’s* Arrows; they may darken the
 “ Day, but they cannot strike the Sun.

This is *Seneca’s* very Spirit, Opinion and Genius; but alas, what Absurdity is here! after the Panegyrick of a brave or honest Man, as the Disciple and Imitator of God, this is instanc’d in the basest Action a Man could be guilty of; a General’s dispatching himself in an extream Difficulty, and deserting his Men and his Honour; and what is this but doing a mean

* L’Estrange’s 3d part of *Seneca’s Morals*. Epist. 26.

Action with a great Countenance? What could this Imitator of God, out of the Power of Fortune, do more in Obedience to what they call so, than sacrificing his Life to it: But this is Bombast got into the very Soul, Fustian in thinking!

Quanto Rectius hic qui nil molitur Inepte.

How much better he?

Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the Works of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your Labour is not in vain in the Lord. [1 Cor. xv. ver. 58.]

Here is supporting ourselves under Misfortunes, propos'd upon the reasonable Terms of Reward and Punishment; and all other is fantastick, arrogant and ungrounded.

The First Epistle to *Corinth* is most exquisitely adapted to the present Temper of *England*: nor did ever that City (tho' proverbial of it) pretend to be more refinedly pleas'd than at present *London*: But St. *Paul* more emphatically dissuades from those embasing Satisfactions of Sense.

Meats for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; but God shall destroy both it and them. [1 Cor. vi. ver. 13.]

He, methinks, throws Blush and Confusion in the Face of his Readers, when he argues on these Subjects; for who can conceive his Body the Mansion of an immortal Spirit, capable to receive the Aspiration and Grace of an Eternal God, and at the same time, by Gluttony and Drunkenness, entertain in that Place Fuel to enflame themselves into Adultery, Rage and Revenge? as if our Misery were our Study, and

Chastity, Innocence and Temperance, (those easy and agreeable Companions,) were not preferable to the Convulsions of Wrath, and Tortures of Lust.

Know ye not that your Bodies are the Members of Christ, shall I then take the Members of Christ, and make them the Members of an Harlot ? [1 Cor. vi. ver. 15.]

How ugly has he made *Corinna* at one Sentence? Shall I, who am conscious that he who laid down an immaculate Body, to cleanse me from the Filth and Stain of a polluted one, and know that the Holy Jesus has promis'd to be present to all the Conflicts of my Soul, banish him thence, and be guilty of so unnatural a Coition, as to throw that Temple into the Embraces of a mercenary Strumpet?

But must we then desert Love and the Fair.

The Cordial Drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,

To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.

No, God forbid! the Apostle allows us a virtuous Enjoyment of our Passions; but indeed extirpates all our false Ideas of Pleasure and Happiness in them; he takes Love out of its Disguise, and puts it on its own gay and becoming Dress of Innocence; and indeed it is, among other Reasons, from want of Wit and Invention in our modern Gallants, that the beautiful Sex is absurdly and vitiously entertain'd by them: For there is in their tender Frame,
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native Simplicity, groundless Fear, and little unaccountable Contradictions, upon which there might be built Expostulations to divert a good and intelligent young Woman, as well as the fulsome Raptures, guilty Impressions, senseless Devotions, and pretended Deaths that are every Day offer'd her.

No Pen certainly ever surpass'd either the Logick or Rhetorick of his Fifteenth Chapter: How does he intermingle Hope and Fear, Life and Death? Our rising from our Graves is most admirably argued on the receiv'd Philosophy, that Corruption precedes Generation, and the easy Instances of new Grain, new Plants and new Trees, from the minute Particles of Seed; and when he has buried us, how does he move the Heart with an *Oh Death where is thy Sting! O Grave where is thy Victory!* We have at once all along the quickest Touches of Distress and of Triumph. It were endless to enumerate these Excellencies and Beauties in his Writings; but since they were all in his more publick and ministerial Office, let's see him in his private Life: There is nothing expresses a Man's particular Character more fully than his Letters to his intimate Friends; we have one of that Nature of this great Apostle to *Philemon*, which in the modern Language would perhaps run thus.

S I R,

“ IT is with the deepest Satisfaction that I
 “ Every Day hear you Commended, for
 “ your generous Behaviour to all of that
 D 4 “ Faith,

“ Faith, in the Articles of which I had the Ho-
 “ nour and Happiness to Initiate you; for
 “ which, tho’ I might presume to an Autho-
 “ rity to oblige your Compliance in a Request
 “ I am going to make to you, yet chuse I ra-
 “ ther to apply myself to you as a Friend,
 “ than an Apostle; for with a Man of your
 “ great Temper, I know I need not a more
 “ powerful Pretence than that of my Age and
 “ Imprisonment: Yet is not my Petition for
 “ myself, but in behalf of the Bearer, your
 “ Servant *Onesimus*, who has robb’d you, and
 “ ran away from you; what he has defrauded
 “ you of, I will be answerable for, this shall
 “ be a Demand upon me; not to say that you
 “ owe me your very self: I call’d him your
 “ Servant, but he is now also to be regarded
 “ by you in a greater Relation, ev’n that of
 “ your Fellow-Christian; for I esteem him a
 “ Son of mine as much as yourself; nay me-
 “ thinks it is a certain peculiar Endearment of
 “ him to me, that I had the happiness of gain-
 “ ing him in my Confinement: I beseech you
 “ to receive him, and think it an Act of Provi-
 “ dence, that he went away from you for a
 “ Season, to return more improv’d to your
 “ Service for ever.”

This Letter is the sincere Image of a wor-
 thy, pious, and brave Man, and the ready Ut-
 terance of a generous Christian Temper; How
 handsomly does he assume, tho’ a Prisoner?
 How humbly condescend, tho’ an Apostle?
 Could any Request have been made, or any
 Person oblig’d with a better Grace? The very
 criminal Servant, is no less with him than his
 Son

Son and his Brother; for Christianity has that in it, which makes Men pity, not scorn the Wicked, and by a beautiful kind of Ignorance of themselves, think those Wretches their Equals; it aggravates all the Benefits and good Offices of Life, by making them seem Fraternal; and the Christian feels the Wants of the Miserable so much his own, that it sweetens the Pain of the oblig'd, when he that gives, does it with an Air, that has neither Oppression or Superiority in it, but had rather have his Generosity appear an enlarg'd Self-Love than diffusive Bounty, and is always a Benefactor with the Mien of a Receiver.

These are the great and beauteous Parts of Life and Friendship; and what is there in all that Morality can prescribe, that can make a Man do so much as the high Ambition of pleasing his Creator, with whom the Methods of Address are as Immutable as the Favour obtained by them?

Here, methinks, we could begin again upon this amiable Picture, or shall we search Antiquity for the Period and Consummation of his illustrious Life, to give him the Crown and Glory of Martyrdom? That were a needless Labour, for he that has been in a Battle, has to his Prince the Merit of having dy'd there; and *St. Paul* has so often in our Narration confronted Death, that we may bestow upon him that celestial Title, and dismiss him with the just Eulogy in his own spritely Expression that he *dy'd daily*.

Now the Address and Constancy with which this great Apostle has behav'd himself in so many

various Forms of Calamity, are an ample Conviction, that to make our Life one decent and consistent Action; we should have one constant Motive of Living, and that Motive a Confidence in God: For had he breath'd on any other Cause, instead of Application to the Almighty, he must (on many Occasions which we have mention'd) have ran to the Dagger, or the Bowl of Poison: For the Heathen Virtue prescribes Death before Stripes or Imprisonment; but whatever pompous Look, elegant Pens may have given to the illustrious Distress'd (as they would have us think the Persons are, who, to evade Miseries, have profus'd their Lives, and rush'd to Death for Relief;) If we look to the bottom of things, we shall easily observe, that 'tis not a generous Scorn of Chains, or delicate Distaste of an impertinent Being, (which two Pretences include all the Varnish that is put upon Self-murder) but it ever was, and ever will be, Pride or Cowardice, that makes Life insupportable: For, since Accidents are not in our Power, but will (in spite of all our Care and Vigilance) befall us; what remains, but that we accommodate ourselves so far, as to bear them with the greatest Decency and handsomest Patience we are able? And indeed Resistance to what we cannot avoid, is not the effect of a valiant Heart, but a stubborn Stomach: Which Contumacy, 'till we have quite rooted out our Pride, will always make things too little, and our Cowardice too large: For as Fear gives a false Idea of Sufferings and Attempts, as above our Strength, tho' they are not such, so Vanity makes things despicable,

despicable, and beneath us, which are rather for our Honour and Reputation; but if Men would sincerely understand that they are but Creatures, all the distinctions of Great and Little, High and Low, would be easily swallow'd up in the Contemplation of the Hopes we entertain in the Place we shall have in his Mercy, who is the Author of all Things.



CHAP. IV.

BUT since we have hitherto treated this Subject in Examples only, (by a View of some eminent Heathen, by a distant Admiration of the Life of our Blessed Saviour, and a near Examination of that of his Apostle *St. Paul*) and since the Indulgence of Men's Passions and Interests calls all things that contradict their Practice, mere Notion, and Theory: We must from this Place descend from the bright Incentives of their Actions, to consider Lower Life, and talk of Motives which are common to all Men, and which are the Impulses of the ordinary World, as well as of Captains, Heroes, Worthies, Lawgivers, and Saints. Which when we have perform'd, if it shall appear, that those Motives are best us'd and improv'd, when join'd with Religion; we may rest assur'd, that it is a stable, sober, and practical, as well as generous, exalted and heroic Position, that true Greatness of Mind

is to be maintain'd only by Christian Principles.

We will venture then to assert, that the two great Springs of Human Actions are Fame and Conscience; for tho' we usually say such a one does not value his Reputation, and such a one is a Man of no Conscience, it will perhaps be very easy to prove, that there seldom lives a Person so profligate and abandon'd, as not to prefer either the one or the other, even to Life itself; and by the way, methinks, the quick Pleasure Men taste in the one, and as lively Smart in the other, are strong Arguments of their Immortal Nature: For such abstracted Sufferings and Enjoyments argue our Souls too large for their present Mansions, and raise us (ev'n while we are in these Bodies) to a Being which does not at all affect them, but which is wholly Spiritual and Immaterial.

So strong (as we were going to proceed) is the Passion for Fame, that it never seems utterly extinct: For not to look among the Men of the Sword, (whose whole Pay-it is) and who suffer infinite Hazards, Toils, and Miseries, to enjoy it; not, I say, to dwell upon them, whose more professed Pursuit is Glory, we shall find it intrudes also as restlessly upon those of the Quill, nay the very Authors who conceal their Names, are yet vainer than they who publish theirs. They both indeed aim at your Applause, but the Mock-disguise of themselves in the former, is but a more subtle Arrogance, at once to enjoy your Esteem, and the Reputation of contemning it: Nay, not
only

only such who would recommend themselves by great Actions, and liberal Arts, but even the lowest of Mankind, and they who have gone out of the Road, not only of Honour, but also common Honesty, have still a remaining Relish for Praise and Applause. For you may frequently observe Malefactors at an Execution, even in that Weight of Shame and Terror, preserve as it were a Corner of their Souls for the Reception of Pity, and die with the sturdy Satisfaction of not appearing to bend at the Calamity, or perhaps desert their Accomplices, by the Sacrifice and Betraying of whose Lives we frequently see they might have saved their own.

By which last Instance (that the basest Men have still something punctilious to them) we may observe, that the Sense of Fame and Conscience is never quite kill'd, but that when we are come to the worst, we have only carried them into another Interest, and turn'd our Gratifications that way, only to different Objects; nor can it be imagin'd that the Love-Histories we daily hear young Fellows relate of the Favours and Fondness of debauch'd Women to them, can be all that time design'd for a Self-Accusation: No, their idle Minds have only shifted their Sense of things, and tho' they glory in their Shame, yet still they glory.

What then must Men do to make themselves easy in this invincible Passion, or how shall they possess a thing that is of so Inconsistent a Nature, that if they will be Masters of it, they must shun it? For if they speak to their own Advantage, or suffer another to do it

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to them, they are equally contemptible: Thus they spend their Lives in Pursuit of *an ever absent Good*; and yet, tho' Applause must never come quite home to them, they are it seems miserable, except they are conscious that they have it.

Now if every Heart lies open to it, that Heart that is most passionate of it, must be in eternal Anxiety to attain it, though that very Love frequently leads to the Loss of it: For when our utmost Bliss is placed in this charming Possession of Praise, and the World's Opinion of our Accomplishments, a Flatterer needs no more in Attempts upon Mens Honesty, and Women's Chastity, but their being convinced their Crimes may be a Secret: So easily, alas! are both Sexes led by Admiration into Contempt.

To rectify, therefore, and adjust our Desires in this kind, we have the other concomitant Motive of a living Conscience, or the Knowledge and Judgment of what we are doing, which in the Voyage of Life is our Ballast, as the other is our Sail: But tho' Fame and Conscience, like Judge and Criminal, are thus placed together in us, they will have an Understanding, and go into each other's Interest, except there is a superior Court in which both may be examin'd. Here was the unhappy Block on which the noble Heathen stumbled, and lost his Way; for the bare Conscience of a thing's being ill, was not of Consideration enough of itself to support Men in the Anguish of Disgrace, Poverty, and Imprisonment. But Success, Applause, Renown, Honour, and Command,

mand, had Attractions too forcible for mere Men, to be relinquish'd but with Life itself; to which Truth, the braver and higher Part of the Heathen World have died Martyrs.

The different Sects and sortings of themselves into distinct Classes of Opinion, seem to be no other than the Prosecution of this natural Impulse to Reputation, which Class was Stoical, or *Epicuræan*, or the like, according to the Force and Bent of their Complexions, which they misunderstood for their Conscience; and *Salust* begins his fine Story of *Cataline's* Conspiracy, with an Acknowledgment to this Purpose, for he takes it to be the peculiar Duty and Superiority of the human Race above other Animals (which he calls prone and obedient to their Bellies) *Ne vitam silentio transeant*, not to let Life pass away in a lazy Silence; and further, *Is mihi demum vivere & frui Anima videtur qui, negotio aliquo intentus Artis, bonæ famam quærit*: He only in his Opinion might truly be said to *live*, who being employ'd in some useful Affair, obtain'd a Reputation in an honest or liberal Art. Thus this Author of sober and excellent Sense, makes it the End and happy Consumption of a well-spent Life, to arrive at a good Fame: which makes our Assertion in the Beginning of this Discourse very natural, *viz.* That the Heathen Virtues, which were little else but disguised or artificial Passions, (since their Good was in Fame) must rise or fall with Disappointment or Success.

Now our good God, who claims not an utter Extirpation, but the Direction only of
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our Passions, has provided also for this great Desire, in giving it a Scope as boundless as itself; and since 'tis never to be satisfied, hath allow'd it an Aim which may supply it with eternal Employment.

Let your Light so shine before Men that they may see your good Works, and glory your Father which is in Heaven. [Matt. v. 16.]

In this Command is the whole Business of Reputation (about which we are so miserably anxious) wholly rectified; and Fame no longer a turbulent, wayward, uneasy Pursuit, but (when thus made a subordinate, and secondary Cause of Action) a calm, easy, indifferent, and untroubled Possession.

And what more glorious Ambition can the Mind of Man have, than to consider itself actually employ'd in the Service of, and in a manner in Conjunction with, the Mind of the Universe, which is for ever busy without Toil, and working without Weariness.

Thus the Spirit of Man, by new Acquisitions, will daily receive Earnests of a nobler State, and by its own Enlargements better apprehend that Spirit after whose Image it was made, which knows no Confinement of Place.

This adjusted Passion will make Men truly agreeable, substantially famous; for when the first intention pursues the Service of the Almighty, Distinction will naturally come, the only way it ever does come, without being apparently courted; nor will Men be lost thro' a Fondness of it, by Affectation in the familiar Life, or Knavery in the busy.

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It is not a Stoical Rant, but a reasonable Confidence in a Man thus arm'd, to be unmoved at Misfortunes; let the Sea, or the People rage; let the Billows beat, the World be confus'd, the Earth be shook; 'tis not to him a Terror, but a daily Request of his to hasten the very last Day of human Nature, that he may finish this various Being, and enjoy the Presence of his Maker in an endless Tranquillity.

Thus, by taking in Fame, the Christian Religion (and no other Motive) has fortified our Minds on all Sides, and made them impregnable by any Happiness or Misery with which this World can attack it: And now, if it is impartially apparent to us, that the Christian Scheme is not only the way to Ease and Composure of Mind in unhappy Circumstances, but also the noblest Spur to honest and great Actions, what hinders, but that we be baptized, and resolve all our perplex'd Notions of Justice, Generosity, Patience, and Bravery, into that one easy and portable Virtue, Piety? which could arm our Ancestors in this Faith with so resistless and victorious a Constancy, that by their Sufferings, their Religion, from the Outcast and Scorn of the Earth, has ascended Sovereign Thrones; and Defender of the Faith, and most Christian King, are Appellations of the greatest Monarchs of the most refined Nations; nor can we enough thank the Almighty, who has disposed us into the World, when the Christian Name bears Pomp and Authority, and not in its offensive, low, and despised Beginnings: But alas! its State is as much militant as ever, for there are earthly and narrow Souls, as deeply scandal'd

scandal'd at the Prosperity the Professors and Teachers of this sacred Faith enjoy, and object to them the Miseries and Necessities of the primitive Believers: Light and superficial Men! Not seeing that Riches is a much more dangerous Dispensation than that of Poverty; This we oppose as a Foe, That we run to meet as a Friend, and an Enemy does his Work more successfully in an Embrace than a Blow: But since the Necessaries, Conveniencies, and Honours of Life, which the Clergy enjoy, are so great an Offence to their Despisers, they are the more engaged to hold them dear; for they who envy a Man for what he has, would certainly scorn him without it; when therefore they are both in good and bad Fortune irreconcilable to them, may they always offend with their Happiness; for it is not to be doubted, but that there are Bishops and Governors in the Church of *England*, whose decent Hospitality, Meekness, and Charity to their Brethren, will place them in the same Mansions with the most heroic Poor, and convince the Mistake of their Enemies, that the eternal Pastor has given his worldly Blessings into Hands by which he approves their Distribution; and still bestows upon us great and exemplary Spirits, that can conquer the Difficulties and Enchantments of Wealth itself.

To follow such excellent Leaders, it will be necessary we now consider also, what may be our best Rule in that State we call our good Fortune; and enquire whether Christianity can as well become its Professors in the Enjoyments of Prosperity, as we have seen it
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has in the Hardships of Adversity; this also we shall best know by contemplating our natural Frame and Tendency, which Religion either assists or corrects in these Circumstances.

The eternal God, in whom we live, and move, and have our Being, has impressed upon us all one Nature, which as an Emanation from him, who is universal Life, presses us by natural Society to a close Union with each other; which is, methinks, a sort of Enlargement of our very selves when we run into the Ideas, Sensations and Concerns of our Brethren: By this Force of their Make, Men are insensibly hurried into each other, and by a secret Charm we lament with the Unfortunate, and rejoice with the Glad; for it is not possible for an human Heart to be averse to any thing that is human: But by the very Mien and Gesture of the Joyful and Distressed, we rise and fall into their Condition; and since Joy is communicative, 'tis reasonable that Grief should be contagious, both which are seen and felt at a Look, for one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to another to read his Heart: Those useful and honest Instruments do not only discover Objects to us, but make ourselves also transparent; for they, in spite of Dissimulation, when the Heart is full, will brighten into Gladness, and gush into Tears: From this Foundation in Nature is kindled that noble Spark of celestial Fire, we call Charity or Compassion, which opens our Bosoms, and extends our Arms to embrace all Mankind, and by this it is that the amorous Man is not more suddenly melted with Beauty, than the compassionate with Misery.

Thus

Thus are we fram'd for mutual Kindness, good Will and Service, and therefore our Blessed Saviour has been pleased to give us (as a reiterated Abridgment of all his Law) the Command of loving one another; and the Man that imbibes that noble Principle is in no Danger of insolently transgressing against his Fellow-Creatures, but will certainly use all the Advantages which he has from Nature and Fortune to the Good and Welfare of others, for whose Benefit (next to the Adoration of his Maker) he knows he was created: This Temper of Mind, when neither polluted or mis-led, tends to this Purpose, and the Improvement of it by Religion raises on it an exalted Superstructure, which inclines him, in his Words and Actions, to be above the little Crafts and Doubles with which the World beneath him is perplex'd: He is intrinsically possessed of what mere Morality must own to be a fantastical Chimæra, the being wholly disinterested in the Affairs of the Person he affects or befriends; for indeed when the Regard of our Maker is not our first Impulse and Desire in our Hopes and Purposes, it is impossible but that the Fondness of ourselves and our own Interest must recur upon us, and leaven the whole Course of our Actions: When the Fountain is muddy it must stain the Rivulet, and the predominant Passion gives a Tincture to all our Cares and Pleasures; so that Men ordinarily love others out of a Tenderness to themselves, and do good Offices to receive them with Increase and Usury: Nay, if we follow the best Friendship we meet with to its Source, and allow it to be what it sometimes really is, a passionate Inclination to serve another,

another, without Hopes or visible Possibility of receiving a Return, yet we must also allow, that there is a deep Interest to ourselves (though indeed a beautiful one) in satisfying that Inclination; but that good Intention is subject to be changed and interrupted (as perhaps it was taken up) by Accident, Mistake, or Turn of Humour; but he that loves others for the Love of God, must be unchangeable, for the Cause of his Benevolence to us is so; and though indeed he is not without Self-regard in the Hopes of receiving one Day an immense Reward of all his Labour, yet since that is separate from this World, it is to all Intents of Life, as far from the interfering with our Purposes, as if he had no such Expectation; and that very Prospect in him is not of a selfish incommunicable Nature, but is augmented and furthered by our Participation, while his Joys are quickned and redoubled by the joint Wishes of others: This is that blessed State of Mind which is so excellently called Singleness of Heart; which inseparable Peace and Happiness, 'tis not in the Power of all the Tinsel in the World to discompose; for to a Christian and knowing Mind Earth is but Earth, though the refined Dirt shine into Gems, and glister into Gold.

He that thus justly values the Wealth which Heav'n has bestow'd upon him, cannot grow giddy in the Possession of it, for it serves only to express a noble and Christian Nature, which dispenses liberally, and enjoys abstinently the Goods which he knows he may lose and must leave: But this extensive Magnanimity, according to the Rules of our Faith, is not to be bestow'd on those
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only who are our Friends, but must reach also to our very Enemies; tho' good Sense as well as Religion is so utterly banish'd the World, that Men glory in their very Passions, and pursue Trifles with the utmost Vengeance: So little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous Pitch human Nature can arrive at; a Coward has often fought, a Coward has often conquer'd, but *a Coward never forgave*. The Power of doing that flows from a Strength of Soul conscious of its own Force, whence it draws a certain Safety which its Enemy is not of Consideration enough to interrupt; for 'tis peculiar in the Make of a brave Man to have his Friends seem much above him, his Enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our Enemies may so intense a Forgiveness, as the Love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the Force of Constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined Moral introduced by him, who died for those that persecuted him, yet very justly deliver'd to us, when we consider ourselves as Offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable Terms of forgiving; for who can ask what he will not bestow? especially when that Gift is attended with a Redemption from the cruellest Slavery to the most acceptable Freedom: For when the Mind is in the Contemplation of Revenge, all its Thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate Pangs of Rancour. Envy, Hatred, and Indignation: And they who profess a Sweet in the Enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate Bliss of Reconciliation: At such an Instant the false Ideas
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we received unravel, and the Shiness, the Distrust, the secret Scorns, and all the base Satisfaction, Men had in each other's Faults and Misfortunes, are dispell'd, and their Souls appear in their native Whiteness, without the least Streak of that Malice or Distaste which sullied them: And perhaps those very Actions, which (when we look'd at them in the oblique Glance with which Hatred doth always see Things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open Eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if Men are averse to us in the most violent Degree, and we can never bring 'em to an amicable Temper, then inddeed we are to exert an obstinate Opposition to them, and never let the Malice of our Enemies have so effectual an Advantage over us, as to escape our good Will: For the neglected and despised Tenets of Religion are so generous, and in so transcendant and heroic a manner disposed for public Good, that 'tis not in a man's Power to avoid their Influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your Service when your Enemy, as the moral Man when your Friend.

Now since the Dictates of Christianity are thus excellently suited to an enlarged Love and Ambition to serve the World, the most immediate Method of seeing to what Height they would accomplish that noble Work is taking the Liberty of observing how they would naturally influence the Actions and Passions of such Persons, as have Power to exert all the Dictates and Impulses which are inspired, either by their Inclinations or Opinions; for what-
ever

ever is acted in the narrow Path of a private Life, passes away in the same Obscurity that 'twas perform'd in; while the Purposes and Conduct of Princes attract all Eyes, and employ all Tongues; in which difficult Station and Character it is not possible, but that a Man, without Religion must be much more exquisitely happy, than the meanest of his Vassals; for the repeated Pomp and Pageantry of Greatness must needs become in time, either languid in the Satisfactions they give, or turn the Heads of the Powerful, so that it is absolutely necessary that he should have something of more inward and deep Regard, to keep his Condition from being an Oppression, either to himself or others.

There were not ever before the Entrance of the Christian Name into the World, Men who have maintain'd a more renown'd Carriage than the two great Rivals who possess the full Fame of the present Age, and will be the Theme and Examination of the future: They are exactly form'd by Nature for those Ends, to which Heaven seems to have sent them amongst us: Both animated with a restless Desire of Glory, but pursue it by different Means, and with different Motives: To one it consists in an extensive undisputed Empire over his Subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary Obedience: One's Happiness is founded in their Want of Power, the other's in their Want of Desire to oppose him: The one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the Luxury of a *Persian*, the other with the Moderation of a *Spartan*; one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed: The one is satisfied with the Pomp

and ostentation of Power to prefer and debase his Inferiors, the other delighted only with the Cause and Foundation of it, to cherish and protect 'em: To one therefore Religion is but a convenient Disguise, to the other a vigorous Motive of Action.

For without such Ties of real and solid Honour, there is no way of forming a Monarch, but after the *Machiavilian* Scheme, by which a Prince must ever seem to have all Virtues, but really to be Master of none, but is to be liberal, merciful and just, only as they serve his Interests; while with the noble Art of Hypocrisy, Empire would be to be extended, and new Conquests be made by new Devices, by which prompt Address his Creatures might insensibly give Law in the Business of Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it, and making their great Monarch the Fountain of all that's delicate and refin'd, and his Court the Model for Opinions in Pleasure, as well as the Pattern in Dress; which might prevail so far upon an undiscerning World as (to accomplish it for its approaching Slavery) to make it receive a superfluous Babble for an Universal Language.

Thus when Words and Show are apt to pass for the substantial Things we are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a Country but to adorn a Court; for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready Bait for Sufferings, and the hopes of Preferment Invitations to Servitude, which Slavery would be colour'd with all the Agree-

ments, as they call it, imaginable: The noblest Arts and Artists, the finest Pens and most elegant Minds, jointly employ'd to set it off, with the various Embellishments of sumptuous Entertainments, charming Assemblies, and polish'd Discourses: and those apostate Abilities of Men, the ador'd Monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice at so high a rate, that he without Scorn of the one, or Love of the other would alternately and occasionally use both, so that his Bounty should support him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his Cruelties.

Nor is it to give Things a more severe Look than is natural, to suppose such must be the Consequences of a Prince's having no other Pursuit than that of his own Glory; for if we consider an Infant born into the World, and beholding itself the mightiest Thing in it, itself the present Admiration and future Prospect of a fawning People, who profess themselves great or mean according to the Figure he is to make amongst 'em; what Fancy would not be debauch'd to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere Creatures, and use 'em as such, by purchasing with their Lives a boundless Renown, which he, for want of a more just Prospect, would place in the number of Slaves, and the extent of his Territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a Prince's living with no Religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

If Ambition were spirited with Zeal, what would follow, but that his People should be

be converted into an Army, whose Swords can make Right in Power, and solve Controversy in Belief? and if Men should be stiff-necked to the Doctrine of that visible Church, let 'em be contented with an Oar, and a Chain, in the midst of Stripes and Anguish, to contemplate on him, whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burden is Light.

With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects and Indignation that others draw their Breath independent of his Frown or Smile, why should he not proceed to the Seizure of the World; and if nothing but the Thirst of Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why should Treaties be other than mere words, or solemn National Compacts be any thing but an Halt in the March of that Army, who are never to lay down their Arms, 'till all Men are reduc'd to the Necessity of Hanging their Lives on his way-ward Will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own Sins by other Mens Sufferings; while he daily meditates new Slaughter, and new Conquest.

For mere Man, when giddy with unbridled Power, is an insatiate Idol, not to be appeas'd with Myriads offer'd to his Pride, which may be puffed up by the Adulation of a base and prostrate World, into an Opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less: And alas, what is there that mortal Man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the Attributes of God? He can then conceive Thoughts of a Power as *omnipresent* as his: But should there be such a Foe of Mankind now upon Earth, have our Sins so

far provoked Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his Fury? Is there no Power, no Leader, no Genius that can conduct and animate us to our Death, or our Defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his Permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his Grace.

All the Circumstances of the illustrious Life of our Prince, seem to have conspired to make him the Check and Bridle of Tyranny, for his Mind has been strengthen'd and confirm'd by one continued Struggle, and Heaven has educated him by Adversity to a quick Sense of the Distresses and Miseries of Mankind, which he was born to redress: In just Scorn of the trivial Glories, and light Ostentations of Power, that glorious Instrument of Providence, moves like that, in a steady, calm, and silent Course, independent either of Applause or of Calumny, which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, and heroic, and Christian Sense, an absolute Monarch: Who satisfied with this unchangeable, just and ample Glory, must needs turn all his Regards from himself, to the Service of others: for he begins his Enterprizes with his own Share in the Success of 'em, for Integrity bears in itself its Reward, nor can that which depends not on Event ever know Disappointment.

With the undoubted Character of a glorious Captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid Titles) that of a sincere and honest Man, he is the Hope and Stay of *Europe*, an universal Good, not to be engrossed by us only; for distant Potentates implore his Friendship, and injured Empires court his Assistance:

sistance: He rules the World, not by an Invasion of the People of the Earth, but the Address of its Princes; and if that World should be again roused from the Repose which his prevailing Arms have given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose Influence the terrible Enemy that thinks himself prepared for Battle, may find he is but ripe for Destruction, and that there may be in the Womb of Time great Incidents, which may make the Catastrophe of a prosperous Life as unfortunate, as the particular Scenes of it were successful.

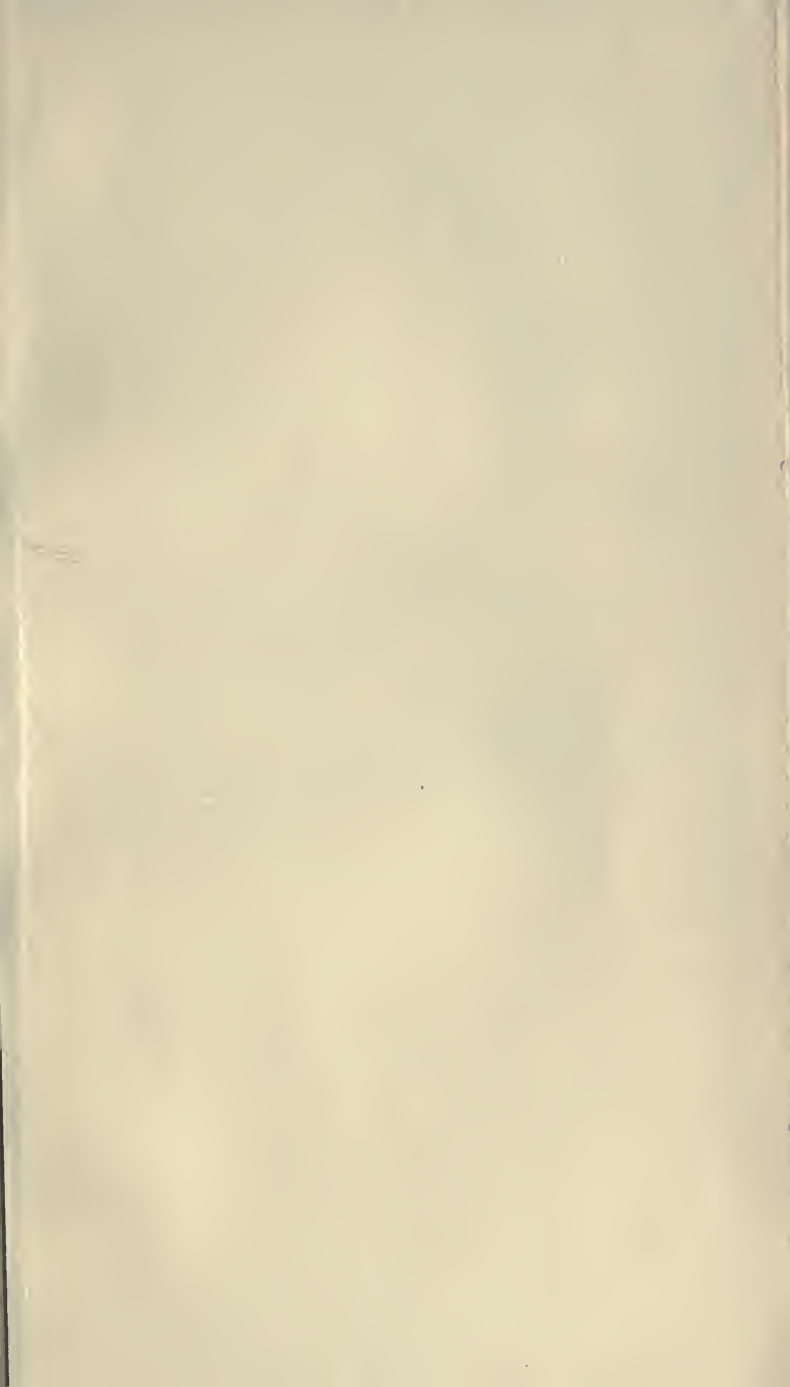
For there does not want a skilful Eye, and resolute Arm, to observe and grasp the Occasion: A Prince, who from a just Notion of his Duty to that Being, to whom he must be accountable, has in the Service of his Fellow-Creatures, a noble Contempt of Pleasures, and Patience of Labours, to whom 'tis hereditary to be the Guardian and Asserter of the native Rights and Liberties of Mankind; and who, with a rational Ambition, knows how much greater 'tis to give than take away; whose every Day is productive of some great Action, in Behalf of Men's universal Liberty, which great Affection to 'em 'tis not in the Power of their very Ingratitude to alienate; he is constant and collected in himself, nor can their Murmurs interrupt his Toil, any more than their Dreams his Vigilance; a Prince, who never did or spoke any thing that could justly give Grief to his People, but when he mention'd his *Succession* to 'em: But what grateful Mind can bear that insupportable Reflection? No,

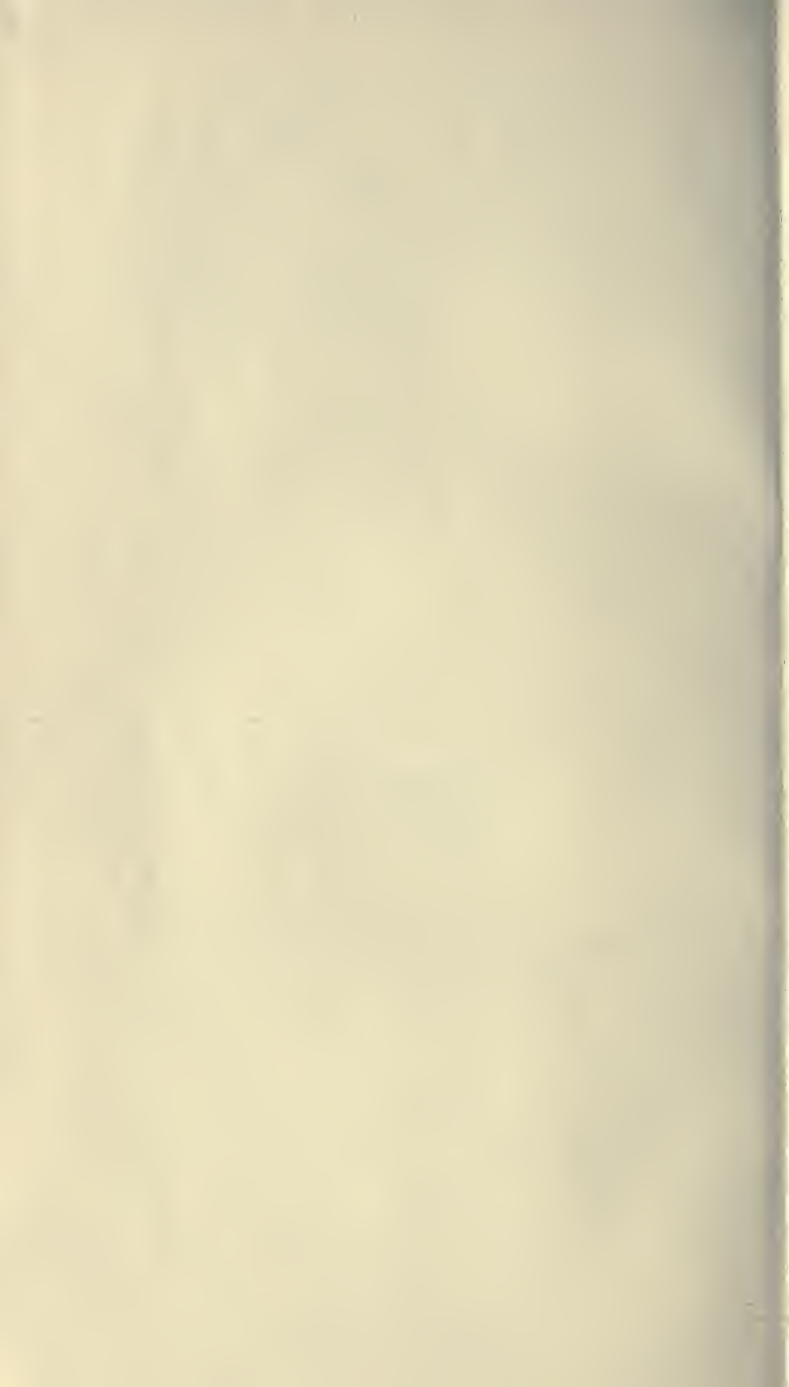
78 The CHRISTIAN HERO.

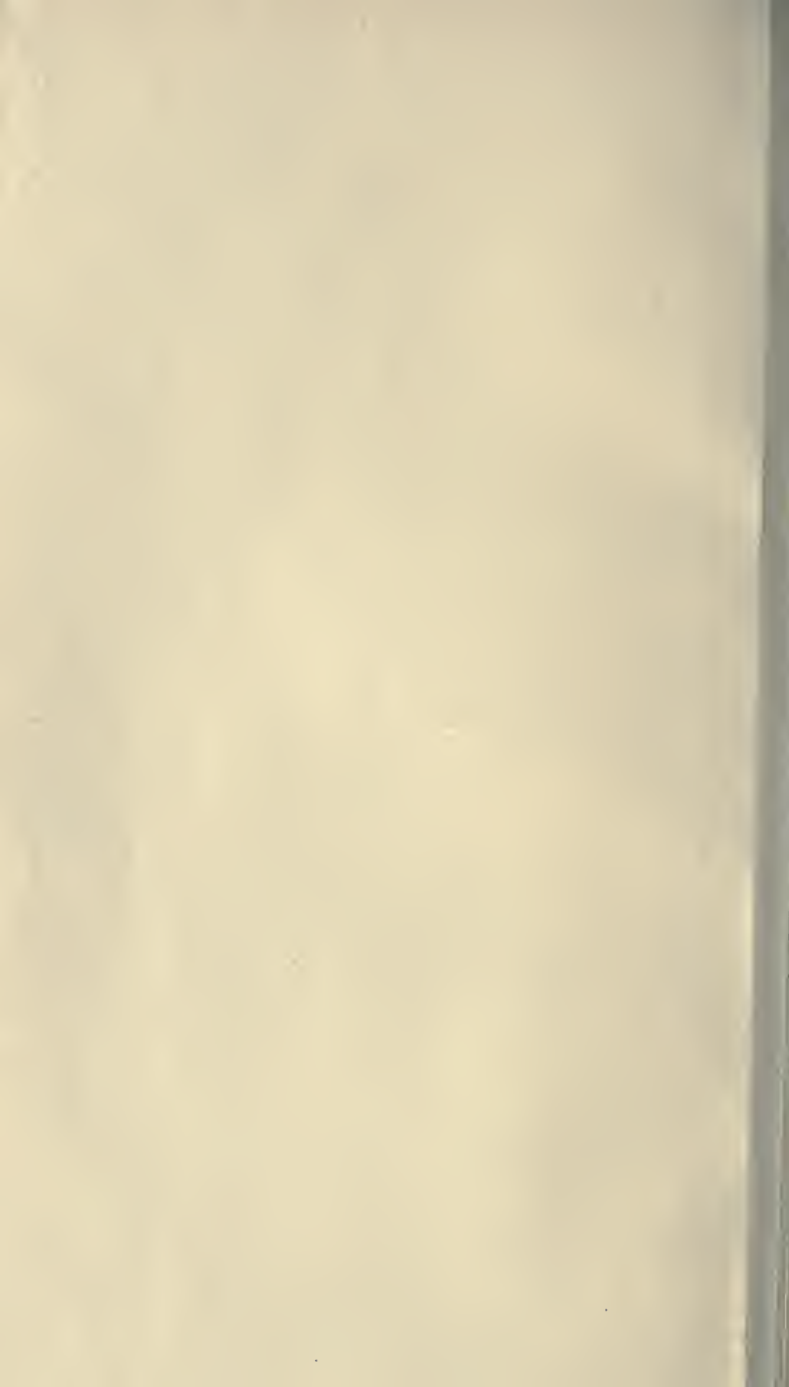
we will with endless Adoration implore Heaven to continue him to us, or expire in Heaps before his Pavilion, to guard his important Life, and in the joint Cause of Heaven and Earth, our Religion, and our Liberty, destroy like Ministring Angels, or die an Army of Martyrs.

F I N I S.









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Steele, (Sir) Richard
The Christian hero

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